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LVII.

HAMILTON.

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THE
POEMS

OF

William Hamilton.

Chiswick:

FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
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THE
LIFE
OF
WILLIAM HAMILTON.

BY
R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

It is remarked, by Dr. Anderson, with reference to the subject of this imperfect memoir, that "the life of a private gentleman, devoting part of his time to polite literature, is held by his acquaintance to be little deserving of transmission to posterity. He rises to eminence by exertions which, to ordinary discernment, do not distinguish him from other men." This remark, inapplicable to the present times, is strictly correct when applied to a period which is not long gone by. Attention is now on the stretch to catch every anecdote which relates to a person who has the slightest claim to public notice. But our forefathers were unaccountably careless in transmitting to us information respecting the feelings, habits, and actions of distinguished characters, especially those connected with literature; and the consequence is, that of the personal history of many authors, whose works are our boast and delight, we know nothing more than that they were born, that they wrote, and that they died. Were this not the

case, I should be able to lay before the reader something better calculated to satisfy his curiosity, as to Hamilton of Bangour, than a few barren dates, and a few particulars gleaned from Lord Woodhouselee's life of Lord Kames, and from a narrative, seemingly authentic, and bearing the title of Culloden Anecdotes, which recently appeared in a periodical publication.

William Hamilton, born in 1704, was the second son of a gentleman of large fortune and ancient family, of Bangour, in Ayrshire. The talents with which he was gifted by nature were carefully improved and expanded by an education of the most liberal kind. His genius for poetry was manifested at an early period. That he eminently possessed all the social virtues, that he was, in the best sense of the word, a polished gentleman, and that he was the ornament and delight of elegant society, is proved by unexceptionable evidence.

"With the elegant and accomplished William Hamilton, of Bangour, whose amiable manners were long remembered with the tenderest recollection by all who knew him, Mr. Home (says Lord Woodhouselee) lived in the closest habits of friendship. The writer of these Memoirs has heard him dwell with delight on the scenes of their youthful days: and he has to regret that many an anecdote, to which he listened with pleasure, was not committed to a better record than a treacherous memory. Hamilton's mind is pictured in his verses. They are the easy and careless effusions of an elegant fancy and a chastened taste; and the sentiments which they convey are the genuine feelings of a tender and susceptible heart, which perpetually owned the dominion of some favourite mistress; but whose passion generally evaporated in song, and made no serious or permanent impression. His poems had an additional charm to his contemporaries, from being commonly

addressed to his familiar friends, of either sex, by name. There are few minds insensible to the soothing flattery of a poet's record. I question whether his friend Home was ever more highly gratified by the applause he gained for his talents on the success of a legal argument, than by the elegant lines addressed by Hamilton *To H. H. in the Assembly*.

"Hamilton's letters are, like his verses, the transcript of his feelings. Mr. Home had sent him a few remarks on Horace, of the same tenor, as it would seem, with those observations which, many years afterwards, he gave to the world in his *Elements of Criticism*. In a letter, dated September, 1738, to Mr. Home, then passing the autumn vacation at Kames, Hamilton thus writes :

" 'I am entirely of your opinion with respect to your observations on Horace. He certainly wanders from his text,—but still they are the wanderings of *Horace*. Why we are never contented with our lot, but still envy the condition of others, was a noble subject; and it were to be wished he had adorned it, as well he could, from his own experience; satisfied, as he seems to have been, with his own pursuits and the fame they had acquired him. Let me put Horace's question to myself, why don't I acquiesce in the determination of Heaven, to which I have myself so much contributed? Why don't I rest contented with that, small perhaps indeed, but sincere portion of happiness furnished by my poetry and a few kind friends? Why concern myself to please *Jeanie Stewart*, or vex myself about that happier man to whom the lottery of life may have assigned her? *Quit fit, Mæcenas, quit fit?* Whence comes it? Alas, whence indeed?

Too long by love, a wandering fire, misled,
My better days in vain delusion fled :
Day after day, year after year, withdrew,
And beauty bless'd the minutes as they flew,

Those hours consumed in joy, but lost to fame,
 With blushes I review, but dare not blame ;
 A fault which easy pardon might receive,
 Did lovers judge, or could the wise forgive !
 But now to Wisdom's healing springs I fly,
 And drink oblivion of each charming eye ;
 To love revolted, quit each pleasing care,
 Whate'er was witty, or whate'er was fair.

Yours, &c.'

" To seek the aid of reason for the cure of love, is no doubt a prudent resolution ; but here the question may be put (as of Glendower's spirits), will wisdom come when the lover calls for her ? His friend Home, who had a deeper knowledge of human nature, saw a better cure for a frivolous and idle passion. The lady mentioned in the letter above quoted, had complained to Mr. Home, that she was teased with Hamilton's dangling attentions, which she was convinced had no serious aim, and hinted an earnest wish to get rid of him : ' You are his friend (said she), tell him he exposes both himself and me to the ridicule of our acquaintance.'—' No, madam (said Mr. Home), you shall accomplish his cure yourself, and by the simplest method.—Dance with him at to-night's assembly, and show him every mark of your kindness, as if you believed his passion sincere, and had resolved to favour his suit. Take my word for it, you'll hear no more of him.' The lady adopted the counsel, and the success of the experiment was complete.

" It appears from Hamilton's letters, that he communicated his poems to his friends for their critical remarks, and was easily induced to alter or amend them by their advice. He had sent the piece entitled *Contemplation*, one of the most laboured of his productions, to Mr. Home, who suggested some alterations. In a letter from Hamilton, July, 1739, he says, ' I have made the corrections on the moral part of *Contemplation*, and in a post will send it to Will. Craw-

ford, who has the rest, and will transmit it to you. I shall write to him fully on the subject.' It is pleasing to remark that the Will. Crawford here mentioned, was the author of the beautiful pastoral ballad of *Tweedside*, which, with the aid of its charming melody, will probably live as long as the language is understood.

"Hamilton may be ranked among the earliest of the Scotch poets who wrote English verse with propriety and taste, and with any considerable portion of the poetic spirit. Thomson, Mallet, and he were contemporaries. The preceding writers of English verse among the Scotch, are scarcely entitled to the name of poets."

Hamilton, however, though in the instance above mentioned he might deserve the character, was not always a mere dangler. He was twice married into families of distinction. His first lady was the daughter of Sir James Hall, of Dunglas, and by her he had an only son. At what period of his life he entered into the matrimonial state, or who was his second wife, I am unable to say.

The "merry meetings" in which Hamilton had hitherto borne so conspicuous a part, were "changed to stern alarms" by the daring and ill starred attempt of the young pretender, in the year 1745. Though a sincere Protestant, Hamilton was an enthusiastic partisan of the exiled Stewarts. He joined the standard of Prince Edward, and his joy and exultation were raised to the highest pitch by the deluding success of the insurgents at Preston Pans. The defeat of the royal troops he celebrated in an ode, which has at least the merit of being highly poetical. That a man of such superior intellect as Hamilton could look upon the restoration of a bigoted and tyrannical race as a deliverance, and as ensuring to his country "the sweets of union, liberty, and love,"

affords one more melancholy proof how far prejudice and party madness can overcloud the noblest mind.

The battle of Culloden extinguished in blood all the visionary hopes of the rebellious Scotch. Hamilton escaped from the field of slaughter with a severe contusion of the head, which at times produced fever and delirium, till a copious effusion of blood from the nostrils relieved, but extremely weakened him. The pursuit of the wretched fugitives was kept up, throughout the country, with all the perseverance of hatred and revenge; and those who were fortunate enough to evade their pursuers, were compelled to endure hardships of the most painful kind.

It is recorded by Ledyard, the traveller, that in every clime, however brutal man might be, woman was still prompt to pity and relieve his woes. But never did the humanity of the softer sex shine in brighter perfection than at this period. The females of Scotland were, indeed, ministering angels to the miserable beings who were now closely dogged at the heels by Death, in some of his most appalling forms. They concealed, and fed, and warned, and attended, with indefatigable care, the proscribed insurgents, many of whom were severely wounded. Had this protecting kindness been displayed only by those who were bound to the objects of it by a community of interest and feeling, even then, the courage which braved the penalties of the law would have been worthy of praise. This, however, was not the case. The most loyal females in Scotland were among the most active in exposing themselves to imminent danger, that they might snatch from the scaffold men whose political principles they abhorred, and against whom their husbands, and sons, and brothers, had lately contended in arms.

In company with John Roy Stewart, who had been a colonel in the rebel army, Hamilton found an

asylum under the hospitable roof of Mrs. Gordon, the wife of the minister of Alvey. This lady and her husband were among the warmest adherents of the Brunswick family. The two wanderers did not long remain at Alvey: they resigned their places to others, who, wounded and unable to travel, were in even greater distress than they themselves were. In the woods of Glenmore, near the dwelling of a friend, one of the clan of the Grants, Roy Stewart had marked, under the roots of a fallen fir, a cavern in the earth, which he hoped would afford them a secure shelter. He had agreed with the females of the neighbouring family, who were to supply the means of subsistence, that the signal of his arrival with his companion should be the sending of an old woman, to inquire whether Mag Molach had lately been seen at Tullochgorum. "Mag Molach, or the woman with the hairy hand, was the tutelary genius of that branch of the Grants, and so many stories of her extraordinary performances were current, that to ask about her would seem a very natural curiosity."

The friends set forward on their way, by a circuitous route, but were soon compelled to separate. Ignorant of the Gaelic language, a stranger to the country, unused to hardships, and surrounded by dangers, Hamilton, after having wandered for a considerable time, became at last careless of life, and sought a refuge in the first house to which he came. It fortunately happened to be the hiding place of Roy Stewart, and while the fugitives embraced each other they shed tears of joy. In this instance, too, a female was their preserver. In a few days, however, they were driven from this retreat, by the activity of the militia men, who were in pursuit of Lord Lewis Gordon, and they would have fallen into the hands of the enemy, had they not been saved by the presence of mind of their benevolent protectress.

.. Beset as every pass was by eager foes, it was im-

possible for Hamilton and Stewart at present to reach the cavern, and they suffered much from hunger, fatigue, and cold. The hardy mountaineer bore toil and privations with comparative ease; but nursed in the lap of luxury, Hamilton was deficient in physical powers, and his strength and patience were tasked almost beyond endurance. Their clothes and shoes were worn out, they were daily under the necessity of swimming over rivers, and climbing precipices, and, like birds of the air, their nights were frequently passed in the holes of the rocks. Often, not daring to venture forth to fill their pockets with the standing corn, their food was the roots of wild liquorice, or the tender shoots of fir. A more palatable repast was now and then provided by the ingenuity of Roy Stewart. He had been a good archer when a boy, and he now made a bow and arrows, with which he procured some game. "He imitated the call of the doe to her fawn, and of the heath-fowl to its young, and seldom did all the creatures he designed to inveigle escape from his well-aimed darts. They dared not strike up a fire, but sometimes in a shealing (a Highland hut) they got their game broiled. The report of a gun would have been a signal for the soldiers to pursue them."

At length they reached Glenmore, and were received by their friends, who for some weeks had been anxiously expecting them, and who now brought for them provisions, bedding, and linen. The trunk of the tree was removed, and they descended into the cave. A wide black dish, filled with water, collected the scanty rays of light, which passed through an aperture among the roots of the fir, and reflected them around, so as a little to break the darkness of their dreary habitation. At the dead of night they emerged to breathe the fresh air, while the women watched in various directions, ready to give the alarm on the approach of any hostile footstep. But at last

even this indulgence became unsafe, and they were continually immured.

“ Mr. Grant came home. He approved of all his wife and sister had done, and went out daily to get information. A fortnight satisfied the soldiery that all their search for Lord Lewis Gordon would be ineffectual. Mr. Grant invited Mr. Hamilton and John Roy to tea, and with Finlay M'Donald released them from confinement. The writer never shall forget the impression made by Mr. Grant's description of their haggard looks and threadbare tattered garments, covered with, and perforated by, maggots. Their loathsome state was not immediately perceived. Their eyes could not support the light. The blaze of a wood fire was lowered by water, and the candle extinguished. Mr. Hamilton's health was impaired, and John Roy affected high glee, to amuse his pensive confederate. He composed, in Gaelic, an extempore oration to the cherishing heat, so long a stranger to their frames, and Mr. Grant translated it to Mr. Hamilton. Shivering with cold and agitation, Mr. Hamilton threw himself into a chair. The candles were relumed, and Finlay M'Donald appeared with new suits of clothes and linen for the guests. Mr. Hamilton observed his horrible retinue.

“ ‘ Great God ! (he cried), my friend and I, in our premature inhumation, were also the prey of worms ! ’

“ A short hysterical spasm succeeded, but two glasses of wine, and Mr. Stewart's forced merriment, removed the symptoms. Mrs. Grant and her sister came to make tea. A chair was placed for Mr. Hamilton, and as he did not rise to take it, Mr. Grant led him to the table. Mrs. Grant wished to engage him in conversation, but in place of a direct answer, he muttered—

‘ Johannes Rufus Stewart,
With brawny limb and true heart,

Bold as the mountain lion,
And of liberty the scion.

Dens, caves, caverns, dungeons, worms, vermiculi—

“ Mr. Stewart looked earnestly at the speaker. His eyes were fixed. His senses were locked in sleep. He was carried to bed, and when he awoke next morning, recollected nothing, except the hideous reptiles.

“ This fact is not without a parallel. It will be found in the life of Dr. Blacklock, relating the perturbed state of his feelings at Dumfries, after being insulted by the rabble, when inducted to the parish of Kircudbright.

“ After Mr. Hamilton was laid in bed, John Roy informed Mr. Grant and the ladies, that the lines recited by him were a part of a doggerel poem he composed in his dungeon.”

Hamilton and his companion shortly after contrived to reach a seaport, at which they embarked for France. In that country and in Italy Hamilton resided for some years, keeping aloof from politics, and devoting himself wholly to retirement and the Muse. A pardon was at length obtained for him by his numerous friends, and he returned to Scotland, to take possession of the family estate, which devolved to him on the death of his brother. The remainder of his history may be told in a few words. His health, naturally delicate, was much impaired by the sufferings which he had endured, and, in the hope of restoring it, he revisited the continent. It was, however, too late, and he died at Lyons on the 25th of March, 1754, whence his body was conveyed to Scotland, where it was interred in the Abbey Church of Holyrood House.

The late Professor Richardson, of Glasgow, to whose talents as a poet and a critic, and to whose worth as a friend, I gladly embrace this opportunity of paying a public tribute, has drawn the poetical

character of Hamilton with such nice discrimination, and his sentiments on the subject are so accordant with mine, that, instead of clothing his meaning in other words, I will copy his own ; omitting only the analysis of the poem of Contemplation ; a poem deserving of all the praise which Richardson has bestowed on its plan and execution.

“ The poems of Hamilton display regular design, just sentiments, fanciful invention, pleasing sensibility, elegant diction, and smooth versification. His genius was aided by taste, and his taste was improved by knowledge. He was not only well acquainted with the most elegant of the modern writers, but with those of antiquity. * * * *

“ In enumerating the most remarkable qualities in Hamilton’s poetical works, besides regularity of design, and justness of thought or sentiment, I mentioned fanciful invention, and of this particular I shall, in like manner, offer some illustration.

“ Fanciful invention is, in truth, the quality that, of all others, distinguishes, and is chiefly characteristic of, poetical composition. The beauties of design, sentiment, and language, belong to every kind of fine writing ; but invention alone creates the poet, and is a term nearly of the same signification with poetical genius. A poet is said to have more or less genius, according to his powers of fancy or invention. That Hamilton possesses a considerable portion of this talent is manifest in many of his compositions, and particularly so in his Contemplation. But, though our poet possesses powers of invention, he is not endowed with all the powers of invention, nor with those of every kind. His genius seems qualified for describing some beautiful scenes and objects of external nature, and for delineating with the embellishments of allegory some passions and affections of the human mind.

“ Still, however, his imagination is employed

among beautiful and engaging, rather than among awful and magnificent, images; and even when he presents us with dignified objects, he is more grave than lofty, more solemn than sublime, as in the following passage :

Now see ! the spreading gates unfold, &c.

“ It was also said, that our poet possessed pleasing sensibility. It is not asserted that he displays those vehement tumults and ecstasies of passion that belong to the higher kinds of lyric and dramatic composition. He is not shaken with excessive rage, nor melted with overwhelming sorrow; yet when he treats of grave or affecting subjects, he expresses a plaintive and engaging softness. He is never violent and abrupt, and is more tender than pathetic. Perhaps the *Braes of Yarrow*, one of the finest ballads ever written, may put in a claim to superior distinction. But, even with this exception, I should think our poet more remarkable for engaging tenderness, than for deep and affecting pathos. Of this his epitaph, beginning with ‘ *Could this fair marble,*’ affords illustration.

“ In like manner, when he expresses joyful sentiments, or describes scenes and objects of festivity, which he does very often, he displays good humour and easy cheerfulness, rather than the transports of mirth or the brilliancy of wit. In one of the best of his poems, addressed to *Lady Mary Montgomery*, he adorns sprightliness of thought, graceful ease, and good humour, with corresponding language and numbers. In this performance, a number of female characters are described in the liveliest manner, characterized with judgment, and distinguished with acute discernment. The transitions in this poem are peculiarly happy.”

POEMS
OF
WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Miscellanies.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN,
WITH ‘THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.’ 1726.

**ACCEPT, O Eglintoun! the rural lays,
Thine be the friend’s, and thine the poet’s, praise.
The Muse, that oft has raised her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia’s blissful plains,
That oft has sung, her listening youth to move,
The charms of Beauty, and the force of Love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted through the verdant meads to stray :
O ! come, invoked, and pleased with her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air ;
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear’st, approve
The Gentle Shepherd’s tender tale of Love.**

Learn from these scenes what warm and glowing
Inflame the breast that real Love inspires, [fires
Delighted read of ardours, sighs, and tears ;
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears :
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise,
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes,
When first the fair is bounteous to relent,
And, blushing beauteous, smiles the kind consent.
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In Charlotte's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted Beauty in a golden age,
Pure and untaught, such Nature first inspired,
Ere yet the Fair affected phrase admired.
His secret thoughts were undisguised with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart :
He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
As thy Eliza might be pleased to hear.

Heaven only to the rural state bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes ;
Secure alike from envy and from care,
Nor raised by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear ;
Nor Want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor riches torture with ill gotten gains.
No secret guilt its steadfast peace destroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys. [lent,
Bless'd still to spend the hours that Heaven has
In humble goodness, and in calm content.
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the rural state these joys has lost,
E'en swains no more that innocence can boast.
Love speaks no more what Beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practised to deceive.

Now Happiness forsakes her bless'd retreat,
 The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat,
 The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
 Companion to an upright sober race;
 When on the sunny hill or verdant plain,
 Free and familiar with the sons of men,
 To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
 She uninvited came a welcome guest:
 Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
 Seduced from innocence incautious hearts;
 Then grudging Hate, and sinful Pride succeed,
 Cruel Revenge, and false unrighteous deed;
 Then dowerless Beauty lost the power to move;
 The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of Love.
 Bounteous no more and hospitably good,
 The genial hearth first blush'd with strangers' blood.
 The friend no more upon the friend relies,
 And semblant Falsehood puts on Truth's disguise.
 The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
 The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;
 The voice of impious mirth is heard around;
 In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd,
 Unpunish'd Violence lords it o'er the plains,
 And Happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

O Happiness! from human search retired,
 Where art thou to be found, by all desired;
 Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
 Virgin of aspect mild! ah why, unkind,
 Fliest thou displeased, the commerce of mankind?
 O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 Where with thy sire Content thou lovest to dwell;
 Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
 Familiar, at the chambers of the great?

Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?
 O'er the full banquet when we feast our soul,
 Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
 Or with the' industrious planter dost thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an evening walk?
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasured gold?
 Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much loved
 Still musing silent at the morning hour? [power,
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
 In S——'s wisdom, or Montgomery's arms!

In vain our flattering hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil;
 In vain we seek the city or the cell;
 Alone with virtue knows the Power to dwell.
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast;
 But many passions must the blessing cost;
 Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
 And envy grieving at another's state.
 Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
 Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
 When these are in the human bosom nursed,
 Can peace reside in dwellings so accursed?
 Unlike, O Eglintoun! thy happy breast,
 Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;
 From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
 Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.

† Campbell's Wisdom, &c. edit. 1758;

'In Stairs's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms.'

Copy prefixed to edit, of the Gentle Shepherd, in 1758.

In virtues rich, in goodness unconfined,
 Thou shinest a fair example to thy kind ;
 Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's fame,
 How swift to praise, how obstinate to blame !
 Bold in thy presence bashful Sense appears,
 And backward Merit loses all its fears.
 Supremely bless'd by Heaven, Heaven's richest
 grace

Confess'd is thine, an early blooming race
 Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian Wisdom
 arm,

Divine instruction ! taught of thee to charm.
 What transports shall they to thy soul impart !
 (The conscious transports of a parent's heart)
 When thou behold'st them of each grace possess'd,
 And sighing youths imploring to be bless'd,
 After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
 Or in the visit, or the dance, to shine.
 Thrice happy ! who succeed their mother's praise,
 The lovely Eglintouns of future days.

Meanwhile pursue the following tender scenes,
 And listen to thy native poet's strains.
 In ancient garb the homebred Muse appears,
 The garb our Muses wore in former years.
 As in a glass reflected, here behold
 How smiling goodness look'd in days of old :
 Nor blush to read where Beauty's praise is shown,
 And virtuous Love, the likeness of thy own ;
 While midst the various gifts that gracious Heaven,
 Bounteous to thee, with righteous hand has given ;
 Let this, O Eglintoun ! delight thee most,
 To' enjoy that innocence the world has lost.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

READ here the pangs of unsuccessful love,
View the dire ills the weary sufferers prove,
When Care in every shape has leave to reign,
And keener sharpens every sense of pain :
No charm the cruel spoiler can control,
He blasts the beauteous features of the soul ;
With various conflict rends the destined breast,
And lays the' internal fair creation waste :
The dreadful demon raging unconfined,
To his dire purpose bends the passive mind,
Gloomy and dark the prospect round appears,
Doubts spring from doubts, and fears engender
fears ;

Hope after hope goes out in endless night,
And all is anguish, torture, and affright.

O ! beauteous friend, a gentler fate be thine ;
Still may thy star with mildest influence shine ;
May Heaven surround thee with peculiar care,
And make thee happy as it made thee fair ;
That gave thee sweetness, unaffected ease,
The pleasing look that ne'er was taught to please ;
True genuine charms, where falsehood claims no
part,

Which not alone entice, but fix the heart :
And far beyond all these, supreme in place,
The virtuous mind, an undecaying grace.
Still may thy youth each fond endearment prove
Of tender friendship and complacent love ;

May love approach thee, in the mildest dress,
And court thee to domestic happiness;
And bring along the power that only knows
To heighten human joys and soften woes:
For woes will be in life; these still return;
The good, the beauteous, and the wise must mourn;
Doubled the joy that friendship does divide,
Lessen'd the pain when arm'd the social side:—
But ah! how fierce the pang, how deep the groan,
When strong affliction finds the weak alone!
Then may a friend still guard thy shelter'd days,
And guide thee safe through Fortune's mystic
ways;

The happy youth, whom most thy soul approves,
Friend of thy choice and husband of thy loves,
Whose holy flame Heaven's altar does inspire,
That burns through life one clear unsullied fire,
A mutual warmth that glows from breast to breast,
Who loving is beloved, and blessing bless'd.
Then all the pleasing scenes of life appear,
The charms of kindred and relations dear,
The smiling offspring, Love's far better part,
And all the social meltings of the heart:
Then harlot Pleasure with her wanton train
Seduces from the perfect state in vain;
In vain to the lock'd ear the syren sings,
When angels shadow with their guardian wings.
Such, fair Monimia, be thy sacred lot,
When every memory of him forgot,
Whose faithful Muse inspired the pious prayer,
And wearied Heaven to keep thee in its care;
That pleased it would its choicest influence shower,
Or on thy serious or thy mirthful hour;

Conspicuous known in every scene of life,
 The mother, sister, daughter, friend, and wife;
 That joy may grow on joy, and constant last,
 And each new day rise brighter than the past:
 Till late, late be the hour thou yield'st thy breath,
 And midst applauding friends retirest to death;
 Then wake renew'd to endless happiness,
 When Heaven shall see that all was good, and
 bless.

CONTEMPLATION:

OR,

The Triumph of Love.

—— rursusque resurgens
 Sævit amor.——

VIRG. *Æn.* 4.

O VOICE divine! whose heavenly strain
 No mortal measure may attain,
 O powerful to appease the smart,
 That festers in a wounded heart,
 Whose mystic numbers can assuage
 The bosom of tumultuous Rage,
 Can strike the dagger from Despair,
 And shut the watchful eye of Care.
 Oft lured by thee, when wretches call,
 Hope comes, that cheers or softens all;
 Expell'd by thee and dispossess'd,
 Envy forsakes the human breast.

Full oft with thee the bard retires,
And lost to earth, to heaven aspires ;
Now nobly lost ! with thee to rove
Through the long, deepening, solemn grove ;
Or underneath the moonlight pale,
To Silence trust some plaintive tale
Of Nature's ills, and mankind's woes,
While kings and all the proud repose ;
Or where some holy aged oak,
A stranger to the woodman's stroke,
From the high rock's aerial crown
In twisting arches bending down,
Bathes in the smooth pellucid stream ;
Full oft he waits the mystic dream
Of mankind's joys right understood,
And of the all prevailing good.
Go forth invoked, O voice divine !
And issue from thy sacred shrine ;
Go search each solitude around,
Where Contemplation may be found,
Where'er apart the goddess stands
With lifted eyes and heaven-raised hands ;
If rear'd on Speculation's hill
Her raptured soul enjoys its fill
Of far transporting Nature's scene,
Air, ocean, mountain, river, plain ;
Or if with measured step she go
Where Meditation spreads below
In hollow vale her ample store,
'Till weary Fancy can no more ;
Or inward if she turn her gaze,
And all the' internal world surveys ;
With joy complacent sees succeed,
In fair array, each comely deed,

She hears alone thy lofty strain,
All other music charms in vain ;
In vain the sprightly notes resound,
That from the fretted roofs rebound,
When the deft minstrelsy advance
To form the quaint and orbed dance ;
In vain unhallow'd lips implore,
She hearkens only to thy lore.
Then bring the lonely nymph along,
Obsequious to thy magic song ;
Bid her to bless the secret bower
And heighten Wisdom's solemn hour.

Bring Faith, endued with eagle eyes,
That joins this earth to distant skies ;
Bland Hope, that makes each sorrow less,
Still smiling calm amidst distress ;
And bring the meek-eyed Charity,
Not least, though youngest of the three :
Knowledge the sage, whose radiant light,
Darts quick across the mental Night,
And add warm Friendship to the train,
Social, yielding, and humane ;
With Silence, sober-suited maid,
Seldom on this earth survey'd :
Bid in this sacred band appear,
That aged venerable seer,
With sorrowing pale, with watchings spare,
Of pleasing yet dejected air,
Him, heavenly Melancholy hight,
Who flies the sons of false delight,
Now looks serene through human life,
Sees end in peace the moral strife,
Now to the dazzling prospect blind,
Trembles for heaven and for his kind,

And doubting much, still hoping best,
Late with submission finds his rest :
And by his side advance the dame
All glowing with celestial flame,
Devotion, high above that soars,
And sings exulting, and adores,
Dares fix on heaven a mortal's gaze,
And triumph midst the Seraph's blaze ;
Last to crown all, with these be join'd
The decent nun, fair Peace of Mind,
Whom Innocence, ere yet betray'd,
Bore young in Eden's happy shade :
Resign'd, contented, meek, and mild,
Of blameless mother, blameless child.

But from these woods, O thou retire !
Hood-wink'd Superstition dire :
Zeal that clanks her iron bands,
And bathes in blood her ruthless hands ;
Far hence Hypocrisy away,
With pious semblance to betray,
Whose angel outside fair, contains
A heart corrupt, and foul with stains ;
Ambition mad, that stems alone
The boisterous surge, with bladders blown ;
Anger, with wild disorder'd pace ;
And Malice pale of famish'd face ;
Loud-tongued Clamour, get thee far
Hence, to wrangle at the bar ;
With opening mouths vain Rumour hung ;
And Falsehood with her serpent-tongue ;
Revenge, her bloodshot eyes on fire,
And hissing Envy's snaky tire ;
With Jealousy, the fiend most fell
Who bears about his inmate hell ;

Now far apart with haggard mien
To lone Suspicion listening seen,
Now in a gloomy band appears
Of sallow Doubts, and pale-eyed Fears,
Whom dire Remorse, of giant kind,
Pursues with scorpion lash behind ;
And thou Self-love, who takest from earth,
With the vile crawling worm, thy birth,
Untouch'd with others' joy or pain,
The social smile, the tear humane,
Thy Self thy sole intemperate guest,
Uncall'd thy neighbour to the feast,
As if, Heaven's universal heir,
'Twas thine to seize, and not to share :
With these away, base wretch accurs'd,
By pride begot, by madness nurs'd,
Impiety ! of harden'd mind,
Gross, dull, presuming, stubborn, blind,
Unmoved amidst this mighty all,
Deaf to the universal call :
In vain above the systems glow,
In vain earth spreads her charms below,
Confiding in himself to rise,
He hurls defiance to the skies,
And, steel'd in dire and impious deeds,
Blasphemes his feeder whilst he feeds.
But chiefly Love, Love, far off fly,
Nor interrupt my privacy ;
'Tis not for thee, capricious power ;
Weak tyrant of a feverish hour,
Fickle, and ever in extremes,
My radiant day of reason beams,
And sober Contemplation's ear
Disdains thy siren song to hear,

Speed thee on changeful wings away,
To where thy willing slaves obey;
Go, herd amongst thy wonted train,
The false, the' inconstant, lewd, and vain;
Thou hast no subject here, begone,
Contemplation comes anon.

Above, below, and all around,
Now nought but awful Quiet's found,
The feeling air forgets to move;
No zephyr stirs the leafy grove;
The gentlest murmur of the rill,
Struck by the potent charm, is still;
Each passion in this troubled breast,
So toiling once, lies hush'd to rest,
Whate'er man's bustling race employs,
His cares, his hopes, his fears, his joys,
Ambition, pleasure, interest, fame,
Each nothing of important name;
Ye tyrants of this restless ball,
This grove annihilates you all.
Oh, power unseen, yet felt, appear!
Sure something more than Nature's here.

Now on the flowering turf I lie,
My soul conversing with the sky:
Far lost in the bewildering dream,
I wander o'er each lofty theme;
Tower on Inquiry's wings on high,
And soar the heights of Deity:
Fain would I search the perfect laws
That constant bind the' unerring cause:
Why all its children, born to share
Alike a father's equal care,
Some weep, by partial Fate undone,
The ravish'd portion of a son;

Whilst he whose swelling cup o'erflows,
Heeds not his suffering brother's woes ;
The good, their virtues all forgot,
Mourn need severe, their destined lot ;
While Vice, invited by the great,
Feasts under canopies of state.
Ah ! when we see the bad preferr'd,
Was it eternal Justice err'd ?
Or when the good could not prevail,
How could Almighty prowess fail ?
When underneath the' oppressor's blow
Afflicted Innocence lies low,
Has not the' All-seeing eye beheld ?
Or has a stronger arm repell'd ?
When death dissolves this brittle frame,
Lies ever quench'd the soul's bright flame ?
Or shall the' ethereal breath of day
Relume once more this living ray ?
From life escape we all in vain ?
Heaven finds its creature out again,
Again its captive to control,
And drive him to another goal.
When Time shall let his curtain fall,
Must dreary nothing swallow all ?
Must we the' unfinish'd piece deplore,
Ere half the pompous piece be o'er ?
In his all comprehensive mind,
Shall not the' Almighty poet find
Some reconciling turn of fate
To make his wondrous work complete,
To finish far his mingled plan,
And justify his ways to man ?
But who shall draw these veils that lie
Unpierced by the keen cherub's eye ?—

Cease, cease, the daring flight give o'er,
Thine to submit and to adore
Learn then : into thyself descend,
To know thy being's use and end ;
For thee what Nature's kind intent,
Or on what fatal journey bent.
Is mean self-love the only guide ?
Must all be sacrificed to pride ?
What sacred fountains then supply
The feeling heart and melting eye ?
Why does the pleading look disarm
The hand of Rage with slaughter warm ?
Or in the battle's generous strife,
Does Britain quell the lust of life ?
Next the bold inquiry tries
To trace our various passions' rise ;
This moment Hope exalts the breast,
The next it sinks by fear depress'd ;
Now fierce the storms of Wrath begin,
Now all is holy calm within.
What strikes Ambition's stubborn springs,
What moves Compassion's softer strings ;
How we in constant friendships join,
How in constant hates combine ;
How Nature, for her favourite man,
Unfolds the wonders of her plan ;
How, fond to treat her chosen guest,
Provides for every sense a feast ;
Gives to the wide excursive eye
The radiant glories of the sky ;
Or bids each odorous bloom exhale
His soul to' enrich the balmy gale ;
Or pour upon the' enchanted ear
The music of the opening year ;

Or bids the limpid fountain burst,
Friendly to life, and cool to thirst;
What arts the beauteous dame employs
To lead us on to genial joys,
When in her specious work we join
To propagate her fair design,
The virgin face divine appears
In bloom of youth and prime of years,
And ere the destined heart's aware
Fixes Monimia's image there.


Ah me! what hapless have I said?
Unhappy by myself betray'd!
I deem'd, but ah I deem'd in vain,
From the dear image to refrain;
For when I fix'd my musing thought,
Far on solemn views remote;
When wandering in the' uncertain round
Of mazy Doubt, no end I found;
O my unblest'd and erring feet!
What most I sought to shun, ye meet.
Come then, my serious maid, again;
Come and try another strain;
Come and Nature's dome explore,
Where dwells retired the matron hoar;
There her wondrous works survey,
And drive the' intruder Love away.

'Tis done:—ascending heaven's height,
Contemplation, take thy flight:
Behold the Sun, through heaven's wide space,
Strong as a giant, run his race:
Behold the moon exert her light,
As blushing bride on her love-night:
Behold the sister starry train,
Her bridemaids, mount the azure plain:

See where the snows their treasures keep ;
The chambers where the loud winds sleep ;
Where the collected rains abide
Till heaven set all its windows wide,
Precipitate from high to pour
And drown in violence of shower ;
Or gently strain'd they wash the earth,
And give the tender fruits a birth.
See where Thunder springs his mine ;
Where the paths of lightning shine :
Or tired those heights still to pursue,
From heaven descending with the dew,
That soft impregns the youthful mead,
Where thousand flowers exalt the head,
Mark how Nature's hand bestows
Abundant grace on all that grows ;
Tinges, with pencil slow unseen,
The grass that clothes the valley green ;
Or spreads the tulip's parted streaks,
Or sanguine dyes the rose's cheeks,
Or points with light Monimia's eyes,
And forms her bosom's beauteous rise.

Ah! haunting spirit, art thou there?
Forbidden in these walks to' appear.
I thought, O Love! thou wouldst disdain
To mix with Wisdom's black-stay'd train ;
But when my curious searching look
A nice survey of Nature took,
Well pleased the matron set to show
Her mistress-work, on earth below.
Then fruitless Knowledge turn aside ;
What other art remains untried
This load of anguish to remove,
And heal the cruel wounds of Love?

To Friendship's sacred force apply,
That source of tenderness and joy,
A joy no anxious fears profane,
A tenderness that feels no pain :
Friendship shall all these ills appease,
And give the tortured mourner ease.
The' indissoluble tie that binds
In equal chains two sister minds :
Not such as servile interests choose,
From partial ends and sordid views ;
Nor when the midnight banquet fires,
The choice of wine-inflamed desires ;
When the short fellowships proceed,
From casual mirth and wicked deed ;
Till the next morn estranges quite
The partners of one guilty night :
But such as judgment long has weigh'd,
And years of faithfulness have tried ;
Whose tender mind is framed to share
The equal portion of my care ;
Whose thoughts my happiness employs
Sincere, who triumphs in my joys ;
With whom in raptures I may stray,
Through Study's long and pathless way,
Obscurely bless'd, in joys, alone,
To the excluded world unknown.
Forsook the weak fantastic train
Of Flattery, Mirth, all false and vain ;
On whose soft and gentle breast
My weary soul may take her rest,
While the still tender look and kind,
Fair springing from the spotless mind,
My perfected delights ensure
To last immortal, free, and pure,



Grant, Heaven, if Heaven means bliss for me,
Monimia such, and long may be.

Here, here again! how just my fear!
Love ever finds admittance here;
The cruel sprite, intent on harm,
Has quite dissolved the feeble charm;
Assuming Friendship's saintly guise,
Has pass'd the cheated sentry's eyes,
And once attain'd his hellish end,
Displays the undissembled fiend.
O say! my faithful fair ally,
How didst thou let the traitor by?
I from the desert bade thee come¹,
Invoked thee from thy peaceful home,
More to sublime my solemn hour,
And curse this demon's fatal power;
Lo! by superior force oppress'd,
Thou these three several times hast bless'd.
Shall we the magic rites pursue,
When love is mightier far than thou?—
Yes come, in bless'd enchantment skill'd,
Another altar let us build;
Go forth as wont, and try to find,
Where'er Devotion lies reclined;
Thou her fair friend, by Heaven's decree
Art one with her, and she with thee.

Devotion, come with sober pace,
Full of thought and full of grace;
While humbled on the earth I lie,
Wrapp'd in the vision of the sky,
To noble heights and solemn views
Wing my heaven-aspiring Muse;

¹ Numbers, ch. 23.

Teach me to scorn, by thee refined,
The low delights of humankind :
Sure thine to put to flight the boy
Of laughter, sport, and idle joy.
O plant these guarded groves about,
And keep the treacherous felon out.

Now, see ! the spreading gates unfold,
Display'd the sacred leaves of gold.
Let me with holy awe repair,
To the solemn house of prayer :
And as I go, O thou ! my heart,
Forget each low and earthly part :
Religion, enter in my breast,
A mild and venerable guest !
Put off, in Contemplation drown'd,
Each thought impure on holy ground,
And cautious tread with awful fear
The courts of heaven ;—for God is here.
Now my grateful voice I raise,
Ye angels, swell a mortal's praise,
To charm with your own harmony
The ear of Him who sits on high.
Grant me, propitious heavenly Power,
Whose love benign we feel each hour,
An equal lot on earth to share,
Nor rich, nor poor, my humble prayer,
Lest I forget, exalted proud,
The hand supreme that gave the good ;
Lest want o'er virtue should prevail,
And I put forth my hand and steal ;
But if thy sovereign will shall grant
The wealth I neither ask nor want ;
May I the widow's need supply,
And wipe the tear from Sorrow's eye ;

May the weary wanderer's feet
From me a bless'd reception meet!
But if contempt and low estate
Be the assignment of my fate,
O! may no hope of gain entice
To tread the green broad path of Vice.
And bounteous, O! vouchsafe to clear
The errors of a mind sincere.
Illumine thou my searching mind,
Groping after Truth and blind.
With stores of Science be it fraught
That bards have dream'd, or sages taught;
And chief the heaven-born strain impart,
A Muse according to thy heart;
That wrapp'd in sacred ecstasy,
I may sing, and sing of thee;
Mankind instructing in thy laws,
Bless'd poet in fair Virtue's cause,
Her former merit to restore,
And make mankind again adore,
As when conversant with the great,
She fix'd in palaces her seat.
Before her all-revealing ray,
Each sordid passion should decay:
Ambition shuns the dreaded Dame,
And² pales his ineffectual flame;
Wealth sighs her triumphs to behold,
And offers all his sums of gold;
She³ in her chariot seen to ride,
A noble train attend her side:
A Cherub first, in prime of years,
The champion Fortitude appears;
Next Temperance, sober mistress, seen
With look composed and cheerful mien;

² See Hamlet.³ See Characteristics, vol. ii. p. 252.

Calm Patience, still victorious found,
With never fading glories crown'd ;
Firm Justice last the balance rears,
The good man's praise, the bad man's fears ;
While chief in beauty as in place
She charms with dear Monimia's grace.

Monimia still ! here once again !
O ! fatal name. Oh dubious strain !
Say, heaven-born Virtue, power divine,
Are all these various movements thine ?
Was it thy triumphs sole inspired
My soul to holy transports fired ?
Or say do springs less sacred move ?
Ah ! much I fear, 'tis human love.
Alas ! the noble strife is o'er,
The blissful visions charm no more ;
Far off the glorious rapture flown,
Monimia rages here alone.
In vain, Love's fugitive, I try
From the commanding power to fly,
Though Grace was dawning on my soul,
Possess'd by Heaven sincere and whole,
Yet still in Fancy's painted cells
The soul-inflaming image dwells.
Why didst thou, cruel Love, again
Thus drag me back to earth and pain ?
Well hoped I, Love, thou wouldst retire
Before the bless'd Jessean lyre.
Devotion's harp would charm to rest
The evil spirit in my breast ;
But the deaf adder fell disdains,
Unlistening to the chanter's strains,
Contemplation, baffled Maid,
Remains there yet no other aid ?

Helpless and weary must thou yield
To Love supreme in every field?
Let Melancholy last engage,
Reverend hoary-mantled sage.
Sure, at his sable flag's display
Love's idle troop will flit away :
And bring with him his due compeer,
Silence, sad, forlorn, and drear.

Haste thee, Silence, haste and go,
To search the gloomy world below.
My trembling steps, O Sibyl! lead
Through the dominions of the dead :
Where Care, enjoying soft repose,
Lays down the burden of his woes ;
Where meritorious Want, no more
Shivering begs at Grandeur's door ;
Unconscious Grandeur, seal'd his eyes,
On the mouldering purple lies.
In the dim and dreary round,
Speech in eternal chains lies bound :
And see a tomb, its gates display'd,
Expands an everlasting shade.
O ye inhabitants, that dwell
Each forgotten in your cell,
O say, for whom of human race
Has Fate decreed this hiding place ?

And hark ! methinks a spirit calls,
Low winds the whisper round the walls,
A voice, the sluggish air that breaks,
Solemn amid the silence speaks.
Mistaken man, thou seek'st to know
What known will but afflict with woe ;
There thy Monimia shall abide,
With the pale bridegroom rest a bride,

The wan assistants there shall lay,
In weeds of death, her beauteous clay.

O words of woe! what do I hear?
What sounds invade a lover's ear?
Must then thy charms, my anxious care,
The fate of vulgar beauty share?
Good Heaven, retard (for thine the power)
The wheels of time, that roll the hour!—

Yet ah! why swells my breast with fears?
Why start the interdicted tears?
Love, dost thou tempt again? depart,
Thou devil, cast out from my heart.
Sad I forsook the feast, the ball,
The sunny bower and lofty hall,
And sought the dungeon of despair;
Yet thou overtakest me there.
How little dream'd I thee to find
In this lone state of humankind!
Nor melancholy can prevail,
The direful deed, nor dismal tale:
Hoped I for these thou wouldst remove?
How near akin is Grief to Love!
Then no more I strive to shun
Love's chains: O Heaven! thy will be done.
The best Physician here I find,
To cure a sore diseased mind,
For soon this venerable gloom
Will yield a weary sufferer room;
No more a slave to Love decreed,
At ease and free among the dead.
Come then, ye tears, ne'er cease to flow,
In full satiety of woe:
Though now the maid my heart alarms,
Severe and mighty in her charms,

Doom'd to obey, in bondage press'd,
The tyrant Love's commands unblest'd;
Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,
This rebel heart shall beat no more;
Then from my dark and closing eye
The form beloved shall ever fly.
The tyranny of Love shall cease,
Both laid down to sleep in peace;
To share alike our mortal lot,
Her beauties and my cares forgot.

TO A YOUNG LADY

ON HER SINGING.

SUCH, skill'd the tender verse to frame,
And softly strike the golden lyre;
A stranger to the softening flame,
And new to every mild desire,

Sweets that crown the budding year,
Pour'd from the zephyrs' tepid wing,
Saw Sappho in the grove appear,
The rival of the vocal spring.

To try the heart-subduing strains,
Anon the vernal scenes impell
O'er lofty rocks and rilly plains
Soft warbled from the' Eolian shell.

Or such as in the bright abodes,
The youngest Muse with glories crown'd,
To whom the Sire of men and gods
Gave all the' enchanting power of sound.

As at the banquet of the sky,
Freed from the giant's impious arms,
She drew each heavenly ear and eye,
With beauty mingling music's charms.

Had such a voice sure to prevail,
Soft warbled from the siren strand,
What wonder, if each amorous sail
Spontaneous sought the tuneful land.

E'en thou who cautious wing'st thy way,
Had given thy tedious wanderings o'er;
By Julia's all persuading lay
Fix'd ever to the pleasing shore.

A face so sweet had sure prevail'd
With wisdom's self to hear the voice,
Whilst both the yielding heart assail'd,
Here wisdom might have fix'd his choice.



ON SEEING LADY MARY MONTGOMERY
SIT TO HER PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

WHEN Lindsay drew Montgomery, heavenly
maid!

And gazed with wonder on that angel face,
Pleased I sat by, and joyfully survey'd
The daring pencil image every grace.

When as the youth, each feature o'er and o'er
Careful retouch'd with strict observant view;
Eftsoons I saw how charms unseen before
Swell'd to the sight, and with the picture grew.

With milder glances now he arms her eyes,
The red now triumphs to a brighter rose;
Now heaves her bosom to a softer rise,
And fairer on her cheek the lily blows.

Last glow'd the blush, that pure of female wile
I whilom knew, when so my stars decreed
My pipe she deign'd to laud in pleasing smile,
All undeserving I such worthy meed.

The whiles I gazed, ah! felice Art thought I,
Ah! felice youth that doen it possess;
Couth to depeint the Fair so verily,
True to each charm, and faithful to each grace.

Sythence she cannot emulate her skill,
Ne envy will the Muse her sister's praise,
Then for the deed, O let her place the will,
And to the glowing colours join her layes.

Yet algates would the Nine, that high on hill
Parnasse, sweet imps of Jove, with Jove re-
side,
Give me to reign the fiery steed at will,
And with kind hand thy lucky pencil guide;

Then, certes, mought we fate misprise, of praise
Secure, if the dear Maid in beauties bloom
Survive, or in thy colours, or my lays,
Joy of this age, and joy of each to come.

TO LADY MARY MONTGOMERY.

SAY, thou with endless beauty crown'd,
Of all the youth that sigh around
Thy worshippers, and anxious wait
From thy bright eyes their future fate;
Say, whom do most these eyes approve?
Whom does Montgomery choose to love?
Not him, who strives to build a name
From ruins of another's fame:
Who proud in selfconceit throws down
His neighbour's wit, to raise his own,
Should the vain man expect success,
The fool of compliment and dress?
Thy eyes undazzled can behold
The gaudy nothing deck'd in gold,
Thy wise discernment soon descries
Where folly lurks in wit's disguise;
Traced through each shape in which 'tis seen
Through the grave look the solemn mien;
The proud man's front, the vain man's walk,
The fopling's dress, the coxcomb's talk.
A large estate, and little sense,
To charms like thine have no pretence.
Shalt thou, O insolent! prevail?
Heaven never meant its goods for sale:
Beauty, the pearl of price, is given,
Not bought, 'tis the free grace of Heaven,
The happy youth with arts refined,
Simple of heart, of steadfast mind:
Whom thirst of gain could never draw
To trespass Friendship's sacred law;

Whose soul the charms of sense inspire ;
Who loves, where reason bids admire :
Cautious to shun, with wise disdain,
The proud, the airy, and the vain.
Him whom these virtues shall adorn,
Thou, fair Montgomery, wilt not scorn :
Of all the gifts of Heaven possess'd,
To him thou yield'st thy willing breast ;
For him the blush, with modest grace,
Glow's rosy, o'er thy blooming face :
For him thy panting bosom swells,
And on thy lips such sweetness dwells.
Crown'd with success, the happy boy
Shall revel in excess of joy :
While in thy presence, heaven appears
In sweets laid up for many years.
The beau and witling then shall fly,
The fop in secret corner sigh ;
Condemn'd to cry in love's despair,
' Ah ! why so wise who was so fair ?
Did thy example, beauteous maid,
The rest of womankind persuade ;
Nor injured merit would complain,
That it may love, and love in vain :
Nor flattery false, and impudence,
Usurp the room of bashful sense ;
No more at midnight ball appear,
To gain on beauty's listening ear.
Beauty would hear the vows of truth ;
Nor love would speak with folly's mouth.
Yet some there are, the better few,
Wise thy example to pursue ;
Who rich in store of native charms,
Employ no artificial arms.

Such heavenly ¹ Charlotte, form divine !
Love's universal kingdom's thine,
Anointed queen ! all unconfined,
Thine is the homage of mankind :
Thy subjects, willing to obey,
Bless thy mild rule and gentle sway ;
With loyal mind each zealous pays
His tribute duteous to thy praise.
Yet nought to greatness dost thou owe ;
Thy merit from thyself does flow ;
Alike our wonder and our theme,
In beauty as in place supreme.
Such thy fair sister, framed to please,
Of aspect gay, and graceful ease.
Pure flows her wit and unrestrain'd ;
By envy and by hate unstain'd ;
Not as the rushing torrent pours,
Increased by snows, and wintry showers ;
Involving in its furious sway
The labouring hinds, a helpless prey ;
Now wide o'erspreads the watery scene,
And now decreased, no more is seen :
But as a constant river leads
Its winding stream through purple meads ;
That through the blushing landscape roll'd,
Reflects the bordering flowers in gold ;
And, borne along with gentle force,
Distributes wealth through all its course ;
Nor does the faithful spring deny
The alimental just supply.

Thou ² Douglas too, in whom combine
A spirit and a noble line ;

¹ Lady Charlotte Hamilton.

² Lady Jane Douglas.


Engaging looks, that mild inspire
Fond delight and young desire;
All-winning sweetness, void of pride,
Thou hast no faults for art to hide.
Maria such, whose opening bloom
Foreshows the pregnant fruits to come.
O bless'd! for whom the Seasons' flight
Ripens that harvest of delight;
To whom the Autumn shall resign,
To press the rich luxuriant vine.
Unwounded who can thee espy,
Maid of the black and piercing eye?
Too rashly bold, we take the field
Against thy shafts with Wisdom's shield;
Pierced helpless in our guarded side,
We fall the victims of our pride.

Nor Erskine less the song demands,
Not least in beauty's blooming bands.
Erskine, peculiar care of Heaven,
To whom the power of sound is given;
Artist divine! to her belong
The heavenly lay, and magic song:
How do we gaze with vast delight
Her fingers' swift harmonious flight,
When o'er the' obedient keys they fly,
To waken sleeping harmony?
Whene'er she speaks, the joy of all,
Soft the silver accents fall:
Whene'er she looks, in still amaze
The eyes of all enamour'd gaze:
Each word steals gently on the ear;
'Tis heaven to see, 'tis heaven to hear.

In everlasting blushes seen,
Such Pringle shines of sprightly mien:

To her the power of love imparts,
Rich gift! the soft successful arts
That best the lovers' fires provoke,
The lively step, the mirthful joke,
The speaking glance, the amorous wile,
The sportful laugh, the winning smile;
Her soul, awakening every grace,
Is all abroad upon her face;
In bloom of youth still to survive,
All charms are there, and all alive.

Fair is the lily, sweet the rose,
That in thy cheek, O Drummond! glows;
Pure is the snow's unsullied white
That clothes thy bosom's swelling height.
Majestic looks her soul express,
That awe us from desired access;
Till sweetness soon rebukes the fear,
And bids the trembling youth draw near.
See, how sublime she does advance,
And seems already in the dance;
Exalted how she moves along,
Ten thousand thousand graces strong!
Such Marchmont's daughter, unproved,
The maid by men of sense beloved;
Who knows with modesty to scorn
The titles that may fools adorn:
She claims no merit from her blood,
Her greatest honour to be good:
Heedless of pomp, with open heart
Well has she chose the better part.
Such Hamilla's looks divine,
Earth's wonder, Tinnegham, and thine!
Her soul all tenderness and love,
Gentle as the harmless dove:



Who, artless, charms without design,
She! of the modest look benign,

Eliza young in beauty bright,
Though new to every soft delight,
Yet soon her conquests shall extend,
Soon shall the sprightly maid ascend
The rival of each kindred name,
And triumph to her mother's fame.
Full in the pleasing list appears
Robertoun, in prime of years ;
With skill she does her smiles bestow,
For Pallas bends her Cupid's bow ;
Wisely she shuns to entertain
The designing, and the vain ;
To these 'tis all forbidden ground,
Prudence, a cherub, guards her round,
With flaming sword fools to expel ;
In paradise fools must not dwell.

Strike again the golden lyre,
Let Hume the notes of joy inspire.
O lovely Hume! repeat again,
My lyre, the ever-pleasing strain.
Dear to the muse, the muse approves
Each charm, the muse the virgin loves :
The muse preserves in lasting lays
The records of soft beauty's praise ;
In vain would triumph beauty's eye,
Unsung, these triumphs soon would die ;
Fate overcomes the fair and strong,
But has no power o'er sacred song ;
Verse the dying name can save,
And make it live beyond the grave.
Thus Hume shall unborn hearts engage,
Her smile shall warm another age ;

Her race of mortal glory past,
The' immortal fame shall ever last;
Last shall the look that won my heart,
The pleasing look sincere of art.
O! powerful of persuasive face,
Adorn'd and perfected in grace;
What joys await, joys in excess,
The youth whom thou decreest to bless;
Ordain'd thy yielding breast to move,
Thy breast yet innocent of love!

But who is she, the general gaze
Of sighing crowds, the world's amaze,
Who looks forth as the blushing morn
On mountains of the east new born?
Is it not Cochrane fair? 'Tis she,
The youngest grace of graces three.
The eldest fell to death a prey,
Ah! snatch'd in early flower away;
The second, manifold of charms,
Blesses a happy husband's arms;
The third, a blooming form remains;
O'er all the blameless victor reigns:
Where'er she gracious deigns to move,
The public praise, the public love.

Superior these shall still remain,
The lover's wish, the poet's strain;
Their beauties shall all hearts engage,
Victorious over spite and age:
Like thee, Montgomery, shall they shine,
And charm the world with arts like thine.

TO A LADY¹,

ON HER

TAKING SOMETHING ILL THE AUTHOR SAID.

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
 That beauteous heaven, erewhile serene?
 Whence do these storms and tempests blow,
 Or what this gust of passion mean?
 And must then mankind lose that light
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
 And lie obscured in endless night,
 For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how could I wrong thy name?
 Thy form so fair and faultless stands,
 That, could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty could make large amends:
 Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy beauty's powerful charms to' upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, every heart to' insnare,
 With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
 And Pallas, with unusual care,
 Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
 Who can the double pain endure?
 Or who must not resign the field
 To thee, celestial maid, secure
 With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

¹ Mrs. S. H. See Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, i. 53.

If then to thee such power is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But smile, and learn to copy Heaven;
Since we must sin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying Heaven not only does
Forgive the' offender, and the' offence,
But e'en itself appeased bestows,
As the reward of penitence.

UPON HEARING HIS PICTURE WAS
A LADY'S BREAST.

YE gods! was Strephon's picture bless'd
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?
Move softer, thou fond fluttering heart!
Oh! gently throb,—too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliss design'd?
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Didst thou prefer his wandering shade?

And thou, bless'd shade! that sweetly art
Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent prayer,
Engrossing all that beauteous heaven,
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: Were I lord
Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.

Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
 On these cold looks, that lifeless air,
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
 With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
 To life can bring the silent shade :
 Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
 And real warmth and flames impart.
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I've ever loved, and loved but thee :
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
 Say thou canst love, and make me bless'd.

TO H. H.

IN THE ASSEMBLY.

WHILE crown'd with radiant charms divine,
 Unnumber'd beauties round thee shine;
 When Erskine leads her happy man,
 And Johnstone shakes the fluttering fan;
 When beauteous Pringle shines confess'd
 And gently heaves her swelling breast,
 Her raptured partner still at gaze,
 Pursuing through each winding maze;
 Say, youth, and canst thou keep secure
 Thy heart from conquering Beauty's power?
 Or, hast thou not, how soon! betray'd
 The too believing country maid?
 Whose young and unexperienced years
 From thee no evil purpose fears;
 And, yielding to love's gentle sway,
 Knows not that lovers can betray.

How shall she curse deceiving men !
How shall she e'er believe again ?

For me, my happier lot decrees
The joys of love that constant please ;
A warm, benign, and gentle flame,
That clearly burns, and still the same ;
Unlike those fires that fools betray,
That fiercely burn, but swift decay ;
Which warring passions hourly raise,
A short and momentary blaze.
My Hume, my beauteous Hume ! constrains
My heart in voluntary chains :
Well pleased, for her my voice I raise ;
For daily joys claim daily praise.
Can I forsake the fair, complete
In all that's soft, and all that's sweet ;
When Heaven has in her form combined
The scatter'd graces of her kind ?
Has she not all the charms that lie
In Gordon's blush, and Lockhart's eye ;
The down of lovely Haya's hair,
Killochia's shape, or Cockburn's air ?
Can time to love a period bring
Of charms, for ever in their spring ?
'Tis death alone the lover frees,
Who loves so long as she can please.

INDIFFERENCE.

BY various youths admired, by all approved,
 By many sought, by one sincerely loved,
 Chief of Edina's fair I flourish'd long,
 First in the dance, the visit, and the song;
 Beauty, goodnature, in my form combined;
 My body one adorn'd, and one my mind.
 When youthful years, a foe to lonely nights,
 Impels young hearts to Hymen's chaste delights,
 I view'd the' admiring train with equal eye,
 True to each hope, and faithful to each sigh:
 The happy hours of admiration pass'd,
 The hand of nuptial love was given at last;
 Not to the faithful youth my charms inspired,
 Nor those who sought my charms, nor who ad-
 He not preferr'd for merit, wit, or sense, [mired;
 Not chose, but suffer'd with indifference,
 Who neither knew to love, or be beloved,
 Approved me not, and just not disapproved,
 Nor warmth pretended, nor affection show'd;
 Ask'd, not implored; I yielded, not bestow'd:
 Without or hopes or fears I join'd his side,
 His mistress never, and but scarce his bride.
 No joys at home, abroad was only show;
 I neither gain'd a friend, nor lost a foe:
 For, lost alike to pleasure, love, and fame,
 My person he enjoys, and I his name.
 Yet patient still I lead my anxious life,
 Pleased that I'm call'd my formal husband's wife.

THE YOUNGEST GRACE.

A Love Elegy.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY, WHO HAD JUST
FINISHED HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.

His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani
Munere——— VIRG. *Æneid* 6.

As Beauty's queen, in her ærial hall
Sublimely seated on a golden throne,
Before her high tribunal summon'd all
Who or on earth, sea, air, her empire own;

First came her son, her power, her darling boy,
Whose gentlest breath can raise the fiercest
flame,
Oft working mischief, though his end be joy,
And though devoid of sight, yet sure of aim.

With him, his youthful consort, sad no more,
Psyche, enfranchised from all mortal pain,
Who, every trial of obedience o'er,
Enjoys the blessings of the heavenly reign.

Next, as it well beseem'd, the tuneful Nine,
Daughters of memory, and dear to Jove,
Who, as they list, the hearts of men incline
To wit, to music, poetry, or love.

She who with milder breath inspiring fills,
Than ever zephyr knew, the heart-born sigh :
Or else from Nature's pregnant source distills
The tender drops that swell the love-sick eye.

Or she who from her copious store affords,
When love decrees, the faithful youth to bless,
The sacred energy of melting words,
In the dear hour and season of success.

Last in the train two sisters fair appear'd; [sweet ;
Sorrowing they seem'd, yet seem'd their sorrow
Nor ever from the ground their eyes they rear'd,
Nor tripp'd, as they were wont, on snowy feet.

The Cyprian goddess cast her eyes around
And gazed o'er all, with ever new delight ;
So bright an host was no where to be found :
Her heart dilates, and glories in its might.

But when without their loved companion dear
Two solitary Graces hand in hand
Approach'd, the goddess inly 'gan to fear
What might befall the youngest of the band :

' Ah ! whither is retired my darling joy,
My youngest Grace, the pride of all my reign,
First in my care, and ever in my eye,
Why is she now the lag of all my train ?

' Ah me ! some danger threatens my Cyprian state,
Which, goddess as I am, I can't foresee :
Some dire disaster labours, (ah, my fate !)
To wrest love's sceptre from my son and me.'

She wept: not more she wept, when first her eyes
Saw low in dust her Ilion's towery pride;
Nor from her breast more frequent burst the sighs,
When her loved youth, her dear Adonis, died.

' Yet, yet (she cry'd) I will a monarch reign!
In my last deed my greatness shall be seen:
Ye Loves, ye Smiles, ye Graces, all my train,
Attend your mother, and obey your queen.

' Wisdom's vain goddess weaves some treacherous
wile,
Or haughty Juno, heaven's relentless dame:
Haste! bend each bow; haste! brighten every
smile,
And launch from every eye the lightning's flame.'

Then had fell Discord broke the golden chain
That does the harmony of all uphold,
And where these orbs in beauteous order reign,
Brought back the anarchy of Chaos old:

When Cupid keen unlocks his feather'd store,
When Venus burns with more than mortal fire,
Mortals, immortals, all had fled before
The Loves, the Graces, and the Smiles in ire:

In vain, to' avert the horrors of that hour,
Anxious for fate, and fearing for his sky,
The sire of gods and men had try'd his power,
And hung his golden balances on high:

Had not the eldest Grace, serene and mild,
Who wish'd this elemental war might cease,
Sprung forward, with persuasive look, and smiled
The furious mother of desires to peace.

‘ Ah whence this rage, vain child of empty fear!
(With accent mild thus spoke the heavenly maid),
What words, O sovereign of hearts! severe
Have pass’d the roses of thy lips unweigh’d?

‘ Think not mankind forsake thy mystic law :
Thy son, thy pride, thy own Cupido reigns;
Heard with respect, and seen with tender awe;
Mighty on thrones, and gentle on the plains,

‘ Remember’st not how in the bless’d abodes
Of high Olympus an ethereal guest,
Mix’d with the synod of the’ assembled Gods,
Thou sharedst the honours of the’ ambrosial
feast?

‘ Celestial pleasures reigning all around,
Such as the powers who live at ease enjoy,
The smiling bowl with life immortal crown’d,
By rosy Hebe, and the Phrygian boy :

‘ Hermes, sly god, resolved thy spleen to hit,
Thy spleen, but, of itself, too apt to move ;
Prone to offend with oft mistaking wit,
That foe perverse to nature and to love.

‘ Much glozed he spiteful, how rebellious youth,
Lost to thy fear, and recreant from thy name,
False to the interest of the heart, and truth
On foreign altars kindles impious flame.

‘ Much glozed he tauntful, how to nobler aims
The youth awakening from each female wile,
No longer met in love’s opprobrious flames,
Slaves to an eye, or vassals to a smile.

‘ Now fifteen years the still returning spring
With flowers the bosom of the earth has sow’d,
As oft the groves heard Philomela sing,
And trees have paid the fragrant gifts they owed,

‘ Since our dear sister left the heavenly bowers :
So will’d the Fates, and such their high commands,
She should be born in high Edina’s towers,
To thee far dearer than all other lands.

‘ There, clad in mortal form, she lies conceal’d,
A veil more bright than mortal form e’er knew ;
So fair was ne’er to dreaming bard reveal’d,
Nor sweeter e’er the shadowing pencil drew.

‘ Where’er the beauteous heart-compeller moves,
She scatters wide perdition all around :
Bless’d with celestial form, and crown’d with loves,
No single breast is refractory found.

‘ Vain Pallas now the’ unequal conflict shuns ;
Vain are the terrors of her Gorgon shield :
Wit bends ; but chief Apollo’s yielding sons :
To thy fair doves Juno’s proud peacocks yield.

‘ No rival powers thy envied empire share ;
Revolted mortals crowd again thy shrine ;
Duteous to love, and every pleasing care,
All hearts are hers, and all her heart is thine.

‘ So mild a sway the willing nations own ;
By her thou triumph’st o’er this subject ball ;
Whilst men (the secret of the skies unknown)
The beauteous apparition Laura call.’

LOVE TURNED TO DESPAIR,

'Tis pass'd! the pangs of love are pass'd,
 I love, I love no more;
 Yet who would think I am at last
 More wretched than before?

How bless'd, when first my heart was freed
 From Love's tormenting care,
 If cold indifference did succeed,
 Instead of fierce despair?

But ah! how ill is he released,
 Though love a tyrant reigns,
 When the successor in his breast
 Redoubles all his pains:

In vain attempts the woful wight,
 That would despair remove,
 Its little finger has more weight,
 Than all the loins of love:

Thus the poor wretch that left his dome
 With spirit foul accursed,
 Found seven, returning late, at home
 More dreadful than the first.

Well hoped I once that constancy
 Might soften rigour's frown,
 Would from the chains of hate set free,
 And pay my ransom down;

But, ah! the judge is too severe,
I sink beneath his ire;
The sentence is gone forth, to bear
Despair's eternal fire.

The hopes of sinners, in the day
Of grace, their fears abate;
But every hope flies far away,
When mercy shuts her gate:

The smallest alms could oft suffice
Love's hunger to assuage;
Despair, the worm that never dies,
Still gnaws with ceaseless rage.

DOVES.

A FRAGMENT.

OF doves, sweet gentle birds, the heaven-born
Muse
Prepares to sing, their manners, and what law
The blameless race obey, their cares and loves.
O sacred Virgin, that, to me unseen
Yet present, whispers nightly in my ear
Love-dited song or tale of martial knight,
As best becomes the time, and aidful grants
Celestial grace implored—O! bounteous, say
What favourite maid in her first bloom of youth
Wilt choose to honour? seem I not to see
The laurel shake, and hear the voice divine

Sound in mine ear—‘ With Erskine best agrees
The song of doves; herself a dove, well pleased
List gracious to the tale benign, and hear
How the chaste bird with words of fondling love,
Soft billing, woos his maid; their spousal loves,
Pure and unstain’d with jealous fear of change;
How studious they to build their little nests,
Nature’s artificers! and tender, breed
Their unfledged childrep, till they wing their flight,
Each parent’s care.’ Come, as the Muse ordains,
O! thou of every grace, whose looks of love,
Erskine, attractive, draw all wondering eyes
Constant to gaze; and whose subduing speech
Drops as the honeycomb, and grace is pour’d
Into thy lips: for ever thee attends
Sweetness thy handmaid, and, with Beauty, clothes
As with the morning’s robe invested round:
O come, again invoked, and smiling lend
Thy pleased attention, whilst in figured silk
Thy knowing needle plants the’ embroider’d flower
As in its native bed: so mayst thou find
Delight perpetual and the’ inclining ear
Of Heaven propitious to thy maiden vow,
When thou shalt seek from love a youth adorn’d
With all perfection, worthy of thy choice,
To bless thy night of joy and social care.
O happy he, for whom the vow is made!

* * * * *

THE FLOWERS.

A fragment.

THE care of gardens, and the garden's pride
To rear the blooming flowers, invites the Muse;
A grateful task ! To thee, O Hume, she sings,
Well pleased amid the verdant walks to stray
With thee, her chief delight, when Summer smiles.
Come now, my love, nor fear the Winter's rage;
For see the winter's pass'd, the rains are gone:
Behold the singing of the birds is now,
Season benign : the joyous race prepare
Their native melody, and warbling airs
Are heard in every grove : the flowers appear
Earth's smiling offspring, and the beauteous meads
Are clothed in pleasant green ; now fruitful trees
Put forth their tender buds that soon shall swell
With rich nectareous juice, and woo thy hand
To pluck their ripen'd sweets. Forsake a while
The noise of cities, and with me retire
To rural solitude : Lo ! for thy head
I weave a garland, deck'd with vernal flowers,
Violet, and hyacinth, and blushing rose
Of every rich perfume ; here in this calm
And undisturb'd retreat content to dwell
Secluded from mankind, with thee and Love
Sweetener of human cares. But thou perhaps
Delight'st to hear the voice that bids thee come
To festival and dance, thou long'st to meet
The raptured youth, that at assembly hour
Awaits thy coming : haste, adorn'd in all

Thy native softness, fresh as breathing flowers
 Sweet smelling in the morning dew, and fire
 His soul, ill able to resist such charms,
 Won with attractive smiles; while I far off
 Bemoan thy absence, and thy image form
 In every thicket and each secret grove,
 To sooth my longing mind by Fancy's aid,
 Pleasing resemblance! until thou thyself,
 O fairest among women, deign to grace
 The bower that Love prepares, from me to learn
 The care and culture of the flowery kind.

* * * * *

THE EPISODE OF THE THISTLE.

FLOWERS, BOOK I.

NOR to the garden sole where fair resides
 As in her court the scarlet queen, amid
 Her train of flowery nymphs, does Nature boon
 Indulge her gifts; but to each nameless field,
 When the warm sun rejoicing in the year
 Stirs up the latent juice, she seatters wide
 Her rosy children: then, innumerable births
 As from the womb spring up, and wide perfume
 Their cradles with ambrosial sweets around.
 Far as the eye can reach all Nature smiles,
 Hill, dale, or valley, where a lucid stream
 Leads, through the level down, his silver maze,
 Gliding, with even pace, direct, as one
 On journey bent, and now meandering fair,
 Unnumber'd currents to and fro convolved,

His pastime, underneath the azure green
The wanton fishes sport; and round his banks,
Sole or in consort, the aerial kind
Resound in air with song: the wild thyme here
Breathes fragrance, and a thousand glittering
flowers

Art never sow'd. E'en here the rising weed
The landscape paints; the lion's yellow tooth,
The' enamel'd daisy, with its rose adorn'd
The prickly briar, and the Thistle rude,
An armed warrior, with his host of spears.
Thrice happy plant! fair Scotia's greatest pride,
Emblem of modest valour, unprovoked
That harmeth not; provoked, that will not bear
Wrong unrevenged: what though the humble root
Dishonour'd erst, the growth of every field
Arose unheeded through the stubborn soil
Jejune: though softer flowers, disdainful, fly
Thy fellowship, nor in the nosegay join,
Ill match'd compeers; not less the dews of heaven
Bathe thy rough cheeks, and wash thy warlike mail,
Gift of indulgent skies! though lily pure
And rose of fragrant leaf, best represent
Maria's snowy breast and ruddy cheek
Blushing with bloom; though Ormond's laurel rear
Sublimar branch, indulging loftier shade
To heaven-instructed bard, that strings beneath,
Melodious, his sounding wire, to tales
Of beauty's praise, or from victorious camps
Heroes returning fierce: Unenvied may
The snowy lily flourish round the brow
Of Gallia's king; the Thistle, happier far,
Exalted into noble fame, shall rise
Triumphant o'er each flower, to Scotia's bards

Subject of lasting song, their monarch's choice;
 Who, bounteous to the lowly weed, refused,
 Each other plant, and bade the Thistle wave,
 Embroider'd, in his ensigns, wide display'd
 Along the mural breach. How oft, beneath
 Its martial influence, have Scotia's sons
 Through every age with dauntless valour fought
 On every hostile ground! while o'er their breast,
 Companion to the silver star, bless'd type
 Of fame unsullied and superior deed,
 Distinguish'd ornament! their native plant
 Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
 Of gems emblazed, and flame of radiant gold:
 A sacred mark, their glory and their pride!

But wouldst thou know how first the illustrious
 plant

Rose to renown? hear the recording Muse!
 While back through ages that have roll'd she leads
 The inquiring eye, and wakens into life
 Heroes and mighty kings whose godlike deeds
 Are now no more; yet still the fame survives,
 Victor o'er time, the triumph of the Muse!

As yet for love of arts and arms renown'd,
 For hoary sires with gifts of wisdom graced,
 Unrival'd maids in beauty's bloom, desire
 Of every eye, and youthful gallant chiefs
 For courage famed and bless'd with sacred song,
 Flourish'd, sublime, the Pictish throne; and
 Rival of Scotia's power, fair Caledon. [shared,
 Equals in sway, while both alike aspired
 To single rule, disdaining to obey:
 Oft led by hate and thirst of dire revenge
 For ravish'd beauty, or for kindred slain,
 Wide-wasting others' realms with inroads fierce,

Until the second Kenneth, great in arms,
Brandish'd the' avenging sword, that low in dust,
Humbled the haughty race: yet oft, of war
Weary and havock dire, in mutual blood
Imbrued, the nations join'd in leagues of peace
Short space enjoy'd; when nice suspicious fears,
By jealous love of empire bred, again,
With fatal breath, blew the dire flame of war,
Rekindling fierce. Thus, when Achaius reign'd,
By the disposing will of gracious Heaven
Ordain'd the prince of peace, fair Ethelind,
Grace of the Pictish throne, in rosy youth
Of beauty's bloom, in his young heart inspired
Spousal desires; soft love, and dove-eyed peace,
Her dowry. Then his hymeneal torch
Concord high brandish'd; and in bonds of love
Link'd the contending race. But, ah! how vain
Hopes mortal man, his joys on earth to last
Perpetual and sincere: for Athelstane,
Fierce from the conquest of great Alured,
Northumbrian ruler, came. On Tweda's shore
Full twenty thousand brazen spears, he fix'd,
Shining a deathful view; dismay'd the brave
Erst undismay'd: e'en he, their warlike chief,
Hungus, in arms a great and mighty name,
Felt his fierce heart suspended, if to meet
The' outrageous Saxon, dreadful in the ranks
Of battle disarray'd. Suppliant of help,
He sues the Scottish race, by friendly ties
Adjured, and nuptial rites and equal fears.
Led by their gallant prince, the chosen train
Forsake their native walls. The glad acclaim
Of shouting crowds, and the soft virgins' wish,
Pursue the parting chiefs to battle sent,

With omens not averse. Darkness arose
O'er heaven and earth, as now but narrow space
Sunder'd each hostile force: sole in his tent
The youthful chief, the hope of Albion, lay
Slumbering secure, when in the hour of sleep
A venerable form, Saint Andrew, seen
Majestic, solemn, grand, before his sight
In vision, stood: his deep and piercing eye
Look'd wisdom, and mature sedateness weigh'd
To doubtful counsels; from his temples flow'd
His hair, white as the snowy fleece that clothes
The Alpine ridge, across his shoulders hung
A baldric, where some heavenly pencil wrought
The' events of years to come; prophetic drawn,
Seasons and times: in his right hand he held
A cross, far beaming through the night; his left
A pointed Thistle rear'd. 'Fear not (he cried),
Thy country's early pride; for lo! to thee
Commission'd I, from heaven's eternal King,
Ethereal messenger of tidings glad,
Propitious now am sent:—then, be thou bold,
To-morrow shall deliver to thy hand
The troops of Athelstane. But oh! attend,
Instructed from the skies, the terms of fate,
Conditional, assign'd; for if misled
By secret lust of arbitrary sway,
Thou, or of thee to come, thy race shall wage
Injurious war, unrighteous to invade
His neighbour's realms; who dares the guilty deed,
Him Heaven shall desert in needful hour
Of sad distress, deliver'd o'er a prey
To all the nations round. This plant I bear,
Expressive emblem of thy equal deed:
This, inoffensive in its native field,

Peaceful inhabitant, and lowly grows;
Yet who with hostile hands its bristly spears
Unpunish'd may provoke? and such be thou
Unprompt to' invade, and active to defend;
Wise fortitude! but when the morning flames,
Secure in Heaven, against yon fated host
Go up, and overcome. When home return'd
With triumph crown'd, grateful to me shalt rear
A rising temple on the destined space,
With lofty towers and battlements adorn'd,
A house where God shall dwell.' The vision spoke,
And mix'd with night, when starting from his couch
The youth from slumber waked. The mingled cries
Of horse, and horsemen furious for the day,
Assail his ears. And now both armies closed
Tempestuous fight. Aloud the welkin roars,
Resounding wide, and groans of death are heard
Superior o'er the din. The rival chiefs
Each adverse battle gored. Here Athelstane,
Horrent in mail, rear'd high his moony shield
With Saxon trophies charged and deeds of blood,
Horrid achievement! nor less furious there
Hungus, inflamed with desperate rage and keen
Desire of victory; and near him join'd,
With social valour, by the vision fired,
The hopes of Caledon, the Scottish oak
Plies furious, that from the mighty's blood
Return'd not back unstain'd. Thus, when the seeds
Of fire and nitrous spume and grain adust,
Sulphureous, distend Earth's hollow womb,
Sicilian Etna labours to disgorge
Dreadful eruption; from the smoking top
Flows down the molten rock in liquid ore,
A threefold current to the wasted plain,



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Each ravaging a separate way: so fought
Desperate the chiefs: nine hours in equal scale
The battle hung, the tenth the angel rear'd
The tutelary cross, then disarray
Fell on the Saxon host. Thus when of old
The' Amalekite in vale of Rephidim,
Against the chosen race of Judah, set
The battle in array, and various chance
Alternate ruled, when, as the sun went down,
Aaron and Hur upstaid the failing hands
Of Moses, to sustain the potent rod,
Till Israel overthrew: thus sore that day
The battle went against the numerous hosts
Of Athelstane, impure; the daring chief,
Far from the slaughter borne, a swelling stream
By sudden rains high surging o'er its banks,
Impervious to his flight, for ever sunk,
Number'd amongst the dead. Then rout on rout,
Confusion on confusion, wild dismay,
And slaughter raging wide, o'erturn'd the bands
Erewhile so proud array'd. Amazed they fled
Before the Scottish sword; for from the sword,
From the drawn sword, they fled, the bended bow,
The victor's shout, and honour of the war.

The royal youth, thus victor of his vows,
Leads to his native land, with conquest crown'd,
His warring powers; nor of the heavenly dream
Unmindful, bade the promised towers aspire
With solemn rites made sacred to the name
Of him in vision seen. Then to inspire
Love of heroic worth, and kindle seeds
Of virtuous emulation in the soul
Ripening to deed, he crown'd his manly breast
With a refulgent star, and in the star

Amidst the rubies' blaze, distinguish'd shines
The sainted Cross, around whose golden verge
The' embroider'd Thistle, bless'd enclosure! winds
A warlike foliage of ported spears
Defenceful: last, partakers of his fame,
He adds a chosen train of gallant youths,
Illustrious fellowship! above their peers
Exalted eminent: the shining band,
Devote to fame, along the crowded streets
Are led, exulting, to the lofty fane
With holy festival and ritual pomp
Install'd, of solemn prayer, and offer'd vows
Inviolable, and sacred, to preserve
The ordinance of Heaven, and great decree,
Voice of the silent night: 'O ill foreseen,
O judgments ill forewarn'd and sure denounced
Of future woes and covenants broke in blood,
That children's children wept: how didst thou
grieve,

O virgin daughter, and what tears bedew'd
The cheek of hoary age, when, as the Fates,
Transgress'd the high command, severely will'd,
The hapless youth, as the fierce lion's whelp,
Fell in the fatal snare! that sacred head
Where late the Graces dwelt, and wisdom mild
Subdued attention, ghastly, pale, deform'd,
Of royalty despoil'd, by ruthless hands
Fix'd on a spear, the scoff of gazing crowds,
Mean triumph, borne: then first the radiant Cross
Submitted in the dust, dishonour foul,
Her holy splendours; first, the Thistle's spears
Broke by a hostile hand, the silver star

¹ This refers to the story of King Alpin slain by the Picts, and his head fixed to a pole. See Buchanan, book 5.

Felt dim eclipse, and mourn'd in dark sojourn,
A tedious length of years, till he, the fifth
Triumphant James, of Stuart's ancient line,
Restored the former grace, and bade it shine,
With added gifts adorn'd. To chosen twelve,
Invested with the ornaments of fame,
Their sovereign's love, he bounteous, gave to wear,
Across their shoulders flung, the radiant brede
Of evening blue, of simple faith unstain'd
Mysterious sign and loyalty sincere.
Approved chiefs! how many sons, enroll'd
In the fair deathless list, has Scotia seen,
Or terrible in war for bold exploit?
Bless'd champions! or in the mild arts of peace
Lawgivers wise, and of endanger'd rights
Firm guardians in evil times, to death
Asserting Virtue's cause, and Virtue's train?
Bless'd patronage! nor these, with envy, view
The' embroider'd Garter to surround the knee
Of military chiefs of Brutus' blood;
With equal honours graced, while monarchs bear
The consecrated Cross, and happy Plant
Bright on the regal robe; nor valued more
The' anointing oil of Heaven! In Britain's shield
The Northern Star mingles with George's beams,
Consorted light, and near Hibernia's harp,
Breathing the spirit of peace and social love,
Harmonious power, the Scottish Thistle fills
Distinguish'd place, and guards the English Rose.



TO
A GENTLEMAN GOING TO TRAVEL.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas.

WELL sung of old, in everlasting strains,
Horace, sweet lyrist; while the Roman harp
He strung by Tyber's yellow bank, to charm
Tuscan Mæcenæ, thy well-judging ear;
How in life's journey, various wishes lead
Through different roads, to different ends, the race
Diverse of humankind. The hero runs
Careless of rest, of sultry Libyan heat
Patient, and Russian cold, to win renown;
Mighty in arms, and warlike enterprise;
Vain efforts! the coquettish nymph still flies
His swift pursuit, and jilts Ambition's hope.
At home, this man, with ease and plenty bless'd,
The towering dome delights; and gardens fair,
And fruitful fields, with silvan honours crown'd,
Stretch'd out in wide extent; the gay machine
Dear to the female race, the gilded coach,
With liveried servants in retinue long,
Adorn'd with splendid robes, the pompous train
Of pageantry and pride. His neighbour sits
Immured at home, a miser dire! nor dares
To touch his store, through dread of fancied want:
Industrious of gain, he treasures up
Large heaps of wealth, to bless a spendthrift heir

That wastes in riot, luxury, and misrule,
 The purchase of his want; nought shall he reck
 His father's pine, when lavish he ordains
 The feast in pillar'd hall, or sunny bower,
 With lust inflaming wine, and wicked mirth
 Prolong'd to morning hour, and guilty deed.

Others, again, the woods of Astery
 Love to inhabit, or where down the mount
 Sky-climbing Parnass', her sweet-sounding wave
 Castalia pours, with potent virtues bless'd;
 Powerful to charm the ear of furious wrath,
 To close the eye of anguish, or to strike
 The lifted dagger from despairing breast.
 Such Addison; and such, with laurel crown'd,
 Immortal Congreve; such the Muses' grace,
 Mæonian Pope: nor do the Nine refuse
 To rank with these, Fergusian nightingale,
 Untaught with woodnotes wild, sweet Allan hight;
 Whether on the flower-blushing bank of Tweed,
 Or Clyde, or Tay's smooth-winding stream, his
 Muse

Choose to reside; or o'er the snowy hills
 Benlomon, or proud Mormount, all the day,
 Clad in tartana, varied garb, she roves,
 To hear of kings' and heroes' godlike deeds:
 Or, if delighted on the knee she lies
 Of lovely nymph, as happy lapdog graced;
 Intent to sooth the Scottish damsel's ear,
 Cochrane, or Hamilton; with pleasing song
 Of him who sad beneath the wither'd branch
 Sat of Traquair, complaining of his lass;
 Or the fond maid, that o'er the watery brink
 Wept sleepless night and day; still wafting o'er
 Her flying love, from Aberdour's fair coast.

Others again, by party rage inflamed,
Blindfolded zeal, and superstition dire,
Offspring of ignorance, and cloister-born,
With undistinguish'd violence, assault
Both good and bad.——

There is, who studious of his shape and mien
On dress alone employs his care to please,
Aspiring with his outward show; who, vain
Of flaxen hair perfumed, and Indian cane,
Embroider'd vest, and stockings silver clock'd,
Walks through the' admiring train of ladies bright;
Sole on himself intent; best liken'd to
The painted insect, that in summer's heat
Flutters the gardens round, with glossy wing,
Distinct with eyes; him oft the tender Miss,
Escaped from sampler and the boardingschool,
Pursues with weary foot, from flower to flower,
Tulip, or lily bright, or rubied rose;
And often in the hollow of her hand
Retains him captive, sweet imprisonment!
But, ah! how vain the joys the beau can boast;
A while he shines in tavern, visit, dance,
Unrival'd, clad in rich refulgent garb
Laced or brocaded; till the merchant bold,
With messenger conspiring, mortal dire!
Of merciless heart, throw him in dungeon deep
Recluse from ladies: what avails him then
The love of women? or the many balls
He made to please the fair? there must he lie
Remediless, if not by pity won
Fair Cytherea, sea-begotten dame,
By spousal gifts from sooty Vulcan earn
Fallacious key; as erst, by love o'ercome,
He forged celestial arms, to grace her son

Anchises born ; and in the borrow'd form
 Of longing widow, or of maiden aunt
 (While sly Cyllenius, with opiate charm
 Of Ceres, the still-watching Argus' eyes
 Of keeper drench in sleep profound), release
 The captive knight from the enchanted dome.

Thus others choose, their choice affects not me ;
 For each his own delight, with secret force
 Magnetic, as with links of love, constrains.
 Behoves me then to say what bias rules
 My inclinations, since desire of fame
 Provokes me not to win renown in arms,
 Nor at Piera's silver spring to slake
 The' insatiate thirst ; to write on the coy nymph
 Love-labour'd sonnet ; nor in well dress'd beau
 To please the lovely sex. For me at Keith's
 Awaits a bowl, capacious for my cares ;
 There will I drown them all, no daring thought
 Shall interrupt my mirth, while there I sit
 Surrounded with my friends ; and envy not
 The pomp of needless grandeur, insolent.
 Nor shall alone the bowl of punch delight,
 Compounded fluid ! rich with juicy spoil
 Of fair Iberia's sunny coast, combined
 With the auxiliar aid of rack or rum,
 Barbade, or Sumatra, or Goan born ;
 The luscious spirit of the cane, that in
 Fermenting cups with native element
 Of water mix'd, pure limpid stream ! unite
 Their social sweets. For us, her ruddy soul
 The Latian grape shall bleed ; nor will thy hills,
 Far flowing Rhine, withhold their clustering vines.
 Haste then ! to friendship sacred let us pour
 The' exhilarating flood, while, as our hands

In union knit, we plight our mutual hearts
Close as the loving pair, whom holy writ
Renowns to future times, great Jonathan,
And Jesse's son: now this delights my soul.

There was a time we would not have refused
Macdougall's lowly roof, the land of ale;
Flowing with ale, as erst in Canaan said
To flow with honey: there we often met,
And quaff'd away our spleen, while fits of mirth
Frequent were heard: nor wanted amorous song,
Nor jocund dance; loud as in Eden town,
Where the tired writer pens the livelong day,
Summons and horning, or the spousal band
Of Strephon, and of Chloe, lovely lass!
Spent with his toil when thirsty twilight falls,
He hies him gladsome to the well known place
Bull-celler, or, O Johnston's, thine! where fond
Of drink, and knowledge, erst philosophers
Have met; or Cout's dark cimmerician cell,
Full many a fathom deep: from far he hears
The social clamour through the dome resound;
He speeds amain to join the jovial throng.
So we delighted once: the bowl meanwhile
Walk'd ceaseless still the round, to some fair name
Devoted; thine, Maria, toasted chief,
Duty obsequious! and thy looks benign
Miss'd not their due regard: Dundas's fair
Claim'd next the kindred lay; nor didst thou pass,
Constance, uncelebrated or unsung.
Hail, sacred three! hail, sister minds! may Heaven
Pour down uncommon blessings on your heads.

Thus did our younger years in pleasing stream
Flow inoffensive; friendship graced our days,
And dream of loving mistress bless'd our night.

Now from these joys convey'd (so fate ordains)
 Thou wander'st into foreign realms, from this
 Far, far sejoin'd; no more with us to drain
 The ample bowl; or, when in heaven sublime
 The monthly virgin from full gather'd globe
 Pours down her amber streams of light, till wide
 The ether flame, with choral symphony
 Of voice, attemper'd to sweet hautboy's breath,
 Mix'd with the violin's silver sound, below
 The window of some maid beloved, shall ply
 The nightly serenade.—To other joys
 Thou now must turn, when on the pleasing shore
 Of mild Hesperia, thou behold'st amazed
 The venerable urns of ancient chiefs,
 Who stern in arms, and resolute to dare
 In freedom's cause, have died, or glorious lived:
 Camillus; Brutus, great from tyrant's blood;
 Coriolanus, famous in exile;
 Laurel'd Zamean Scipio, the scourge
 Of Punic race; or liberty's last hope,
 Self-murder'd Cato; consecrate to fame
 They live for ever in the hearts of men,
 Far better monument than costly tomb
 Of Egypt's kings. Time with destructive hand
 Shall moulder into dust the piled-up stone,
 With all its praises; ah! how vain is fame!
 With virtue then immortalize thy life.

But these, so potent Nature's will decrees,
 Delight not me, on other thoughts intent;
 Not studious at midnight lamp to pore
 The medal, learned coin! where laurel wreaths
 The sacred head of kings, or beauty bright
 Of kings sweet paramour, the letter'd sage
 Or prudent senator, by eating time

Defaced injurious; the faithless trust
Of human greatness! Nor do I incline
To pass the Frith that parts from Gallia's reign
My native coast, solicitous to know
What other lands impart: all my delights
Are with my friends in merry hour, at Steel's
Assembled, while unrespited the glass [name,
Swift circles round the board, charged with fair
Erskine, or, Pringle, thine; until the sun
That, setting, warn'd us to the friendly cups
Awake, and view our revels uncomplete.
But if the Heavens, disposer of our fate,
Force me, unwilling, shift my native land;
O! in whatever soil my weary feet
Are doom'd to stray, O might I meet my friend!
Or, if the rising sun shall gild my steps
On fruitful fields of Ind, Bengala's shore,
Spice-bearing Tidor's isle, or where at eve,
Near western Califurn, beneath the main
He sinks in gold; or on vine-fostering hills
Of nearer Latium, nurse of kings and gods.
O! might I view thee on the flowery verge
Of Tyber, stream renown'd in poets' song;
Or in the Roman streets, with curious eye
Studying the polish'd stone, or trophied arch
Trajan, or Antonine; not long content
With toil unprofitable. Thee I'd lead
Well pleased to Horace' tomb, dear laughing
bard!

Where the Falernian vintage should inspire
Sweet thoughts of past delight; the goblet rough
With sculptured gold rosy from Chios' isle
Should warm our hearts sacred to Pringle's cheek
Still glowing, and to sweet Humeia's lip,

To Drummond's eye, Maria's snowy breast
 Soft-heaving, or to lovely Erskine's smile;
 While on the wounded glass the diamond's path
 Faithful, shall show each favourite virgin's name;
 Not without verse and various emblem graced;
 The Latian youth at merry revels met,
 In fancy shall admire the Scottish maid
 Bright as the ruddy virgin Roman-born;
 Nor with their native dames refuse to join
 Impartial, their health beloved: and would
 The Nine inspire me equal to my choice,
 In lays such as the Roman swan might sing,
 Fair as Horatian Lydia should my Hume
 For ever flourish, or Næera bright,
 Of soft Tibullus' Muse the lovely theme.
 Nor should alone, in melancholy strains,
 Of cruel nymph and constant vows refused,
 Gallus complain, when on the flinty rock,
 Or wailing near earth-diving Arethuse,
 Sicilian stream, he made to woods his moan,
 Despairing of his loves: Maria's scorn
 Clothed in the style of Mantua, should shine
 As thine, Lycoris! theme of future song
 Surviving as itself. Maria's scorn
 For ever I endure: Ah! hard return
 To warmth like mine: nathless the mourning Muse
 Must praise the maid still beauteous in her eye,
 Crown'd with each lovely grace, and warm in
 bloom;

Though sullen to my suit, her ear be shut
 Against my vows, ungracious to my love.

But this as time directs; thy health demands
 The present care, and joys within our power;

Nor shall we not be mindful of thy love,
Met in our festivals of mirth: but when
Thou to thy native Albion shalt return,
From whate'er coast, or Russia's northern bear,
Inclement sky! or Italy the bless'd
Indulgent land, the Muses' best beloved;
Over a wondrous bowl of flowing punch
We'll plight our hands anew, at Don's, or Steel's—
Who bears the double keys, of plenty sign;
Or at facetious Thom's, or Adamson
Who rears alone (what needs she more?) the vine;
Emblem of potent joys; herself with looks
Suasive to drink, fills up the brimming glass,
Well pleased to see the sprightly healths go round.
Hail, and farewell! may Heaven defend thee
safe;

And to thy natal shore and longing friends
Restore thee, when thy destined toils are o'er,
Polish'd with manners, and enrich'd with arts.

THE RHONE AND THE ARAR.

Two rivers in famed Gallia's bounds are known,
The gentle Arar and the rapid Rhone;
Through pleasing banks, where lovesick shep-
herds dream,
Mild Arar softly steals her lingering stream:
Her wave so still, the' exploring eye deceives,
That sees not if it comes, or if it leaves:
With silver graces ever dimpled o'er,
Reflects each flower, and smiles on every shore;

Each youth with joy the' enchanting scene surveys,

And thinks for him the amorous stream delays;
While the sly nymph above unseen to flow,
To her own purpose true, steals calm below.
More rapid rolls the Rhone, tumultuous flood,
All raging unwithheld, and unwithstood;
In vain or fertile fields invite its stay,
In vain or roughest rocks oppose its way;
It bounds o'er all, and, insolent of force,
Still hurries headlong on a downward course.
Sometimes, 'tis true, we snatch with painful sight
Across the working foam a moment's light;
The momentary vision snatch'd again,
The troubled river boils and froths amain.
To which of these, alas! shall I confide?
Say, shall I plunge in Rhone's impetuous tide,
And by the various eddies roll'd about,
Just as the whirlpools guide, suck'd in, cast out!
Till, through a thousand giddy circles toss'd,
In the broad ocean's boundless floods I'm lost?
Or, tell me, friends—less venturous, shall I lave
My glowing limbs in Arar's gentle wave?
In whose fair bosom beauteous prospects rise,
The earth in verdure, and in smiles the skies:
With thoughtless rapture every charm explore,
Heaved by no breeze, or wafted to no shore:
Till trusting credulous to the false serene,
I sink to ruin in the pleasing scene.

THE PARODY.

BY MR. W*****.

Two toasts at every public place are seen,
Godlike Elizabeth, and gentle Jean :
Mild Jeany smiles at every word you say,
Seems pleased herself, and sends you pleased
away.

Her face so wondrous fair, so soft her hands,
We're tempted oft to think—she understands :
Each fop with joy the kind endeavour sees,
And thinks for him the anxious care to please :
But the sly nymph has motives of her own,
Her lips are open'd, and—her teeth are shown.
Bess blunders out with every thing aloud,
And rattles unwithheld and unwithstood :
In vain the sighing swain implores a truce,
Nor can his wit one moment's pause produce ;
She bounds o'er all, and, conscious of her force,
Still pours along the torrent of discourse.
Sometimes, 'tis true, just as her breath she draws,
With watchful eye we catch one moment's pause :
But when that instantaneous moment's o'er,
She rattles on incessant as before.
To which of these two wonders of the town,
Say, shall I trust to spend an afternoon ?
If Betty's drawingroom should be my choice,
Intoxicate with wit, struck down with noise,
Pleased, and displeased, I quit the Bedlam scene,
And joyful hail my peace of mind again :

But if to gentle Jeany's I repair,
Regaled on syllabub, and fed on air,
With studied rapture yawning I commend,
Moved by no cause, directed to no end,
Till half asleep, though flatter'd, not content,
I come away as joyless as I went.

EPIGRAM

ON A LION ENRAGED AT SEEING A LAD IN THE
HIGHLAND DRESS.

CALM and serene the' imperial lion lay
Mildly indulging in the solar ray,
On vulgar mortals with indifference gazed,
All unconcern'd, nor angry, nor amazed ;
But when the Caledonian lad appear'd,
Sudden alarm'd, his manly mane he rear'd,
Prepared in fierce encounter to engage
The only object worthy of his rage.

MISS AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A fable.

IN THE MANNER OF THE LATE MR. GAY,

A TENDER Miss, whom mother's care
Bred up in wholesome country air,
Far from the follies of the town,
Alike untaught to smile or frown ;
Her ear unused to flattery's praise,
Unknown in woman's wicked ways ;

Her tongue from modish tattle free,
Undipp'd in scandal and bohea;
Her genuine form and native grace
Were strangers to a lookingglass:
Nor cards she dealt, nor flirted fan,
And valued not quadrille or man;
But simple lived, just as you know
Miss Chloe did—some weeks ago.

As now the pretty Innocent
Walk'd forth to taste the early scent,
She tripp'd about the murmuring stream,
That oft had lull'd her thoughtless dream.
The morning sweet, the air serene,
A thousand flowers adorn'd the scene;
The birds rejoicing round appear
To choose their consorts for the year;
Her heart was light, and full of play,
And, like herself, all nature gay.

On such a day, as Sages sing,
A Butterfly was on the wing;
From bank to bank, from bloom to bloom,
He stretch'd the gold-bespangled plume:
Now skims along, and now alights
As smell allures, or grace invites;
Now the violet's freshness sips;
Now kiss'd the rose's scarlet lips;
Becomes anon the daisy's guest;
Then press'd the lily's snowy breast;
Nor long to one vouchsafes a stay,
But just salutes, and flies away.

The virgin saw, with rapture fired;
She saw, and what she saw desired,
The shining wings, and starry eyes,
And burns to seize the living prize:

Her beating breast and glowing face
Betray her native love of dress,
And all the woman full express'd
First flutters in her little breast:
Ensnared by empty outward show,
She swift pursues the insect-beau;
O'er gay parterres she runs in haste,
Nor heeds the garden's flowery waste.

Long as the sun, with genial power
Increasing, warm'd the sultry hour,
The Nymph o'er every border flew,
And kept the shining game in view:
But when, soft breathing through the trees,
With coolness came the evening breeze;
As hovering o'er the tulip's pride
He hung with wing diversified,
Caught in the hollow of her hand,
She held the captive at command.

Fluttering in vain to be released
He thus the gentle nymph address'd—
'Loose, generous virgin, loose my chain;
From me what glory canst thou gain?
A vain, unquiet, glittering thing,
My only boast a gorgeous wing;
From flower to flower I idly stray,
The trifle of a summer's day:
Then let me not in vain implore,
But leave me free again to soar.'

His words the little charmer moved;
She the poor trembler's suit approved.
His gaudy wings he then extends,
And flutters on her fingers' ends;
From thence he spoke, as you shall hear,
In strains well worth a woman's ear—

' When now thy young and tender age
Is pure, and heedless to engage:
When in thy free and open mien
No self-important air is seen;
Unknowing all, to all unknown,
Thou livest, or praised or blamed by none.
But when, unfolding by degrees
The woman's fond desire to please,
Studious to heave the artful sigh,
Mistress of the tongue and eye,
Thou setst thy little charms to show,
And sport'st familiar with the beau;
Forsaking then the simple plain,
To mingle with the courtly train,
Thou in the midnight ball shalt see
Things apparel'd just like me;
Who round and round, without design,
Tinsel'd in empty lustre shine:
As dancing through the spacious dome,
From fair to fair the friskers roam,
If charm'd with the embroider'd pride,
The victim of a gay outside,
From place to place, as me just now,
The glittering gewgaw you pursue,
What mighty prize shall crown thy pains?
A Butterfly is all thy gains!'

ON A SUMMER-HOUSE IN MY OWN
GARDEN.

WHILST round my head the zephyrs gently play,
To calm reflection I resign the day;
From all the servitudes of life released
I bid mild Friendship to the sober feast,

Nor Beauty banish from the hallow'd ground,
She enters here to solace, not to wound ;
All else excluded from the sacred spot,
One half detested, and one half forgot :
All the mad human tumult, what to me ?
Here chaste Calliope, I live with thee.

ON A DIAL IN MY GARDEN.

ONCE at a potent leader's voice it stay'd,
Once it went back when a good monarch pray'd :
Mortals, howe'er we grieve, howe'er deplore,
The flying shadow shall return no more.

ON AN OBELISK IN MY GARDEN.

VIEW all around, the works of Power Divine,
Inquire, explore, admire, extol, resign ;
This is the whole of humankind below,
'Tis only given beyond the grave *to know*.

ON A DOG.

CALM though not mean, courageous without rage,
Serious not dull, and without thinking sage ;
Pleased at the lot that Nature has assign'd,
Snarl as I list, and freely bark my mind ;
As churchman wrangle not with jarring spite,
Nor statesmanlike caressing whom I bite ;

View all the canine kind with equal eyes,
 I dread no mastiff, and no cur despise:
 True from the first, and faithful to the end,
 I balk no mistress, and forsake no friend.
 My days and nights one equal tenor keep,
 Fast but to eat, and only wake to sleep:
 Thus stealing along life I live *incog*,
 A very plain and downright honest Dog.

MITHRIDATES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

After the Manner of the French dramatic Rhyme of Racine.

XIPHARES. ARBATES.

XIP. 'Tis true, Arbates, what all tongues relate,
 Rome triumphs, and my father yields to fate:
 He whose wide empire stretch'd from shore to
 The mighty Mithridates is no more. [shore,
 Pompey, wide scattering terror and affright,
 Surprised his prudence in the shades of night;
 Through all his camp a sudden ruin spread,
 And heap'd it round with mountains of the dead:
 On broad Euphrates' bank the monarch lies——
 His diadem is fallen the victor's prize.
 Thus he whom Asia forty years beheld
 Still rising nobler from each well fought field,
 Who bold avenged, high raised on valour's wings,
 The common cause of empire and of kings,
 Dies, and behind him leaves, by fortune cross'd,
 Two sons, alas! in mutual discords lost.

ARB. How, Prince! so soon does fell ambition move

To break the union of fraternal love?

XIP. Far, far such guilt be from Xiphares' breast,

Far such ambition, which the good detest;

Nor glory shines so tempting in my eye,

Nor rate I empire at a price so high;

True to the kindred honours of my name,

I recognize a brother's juster claim;

Nor further does my highest wish aspire,

Than those fair kingdoms left me by my sire;

The rest without regret I see become

His valour's purchase, or the gift of Rome.

ARB. The gift of Rome, say'st? can Pharnaces owe?—

Can Mithridates' son?—

XIP. Arbates, know,

In vain Pharnaces veils himself in art,

Long since become all Roman at the heart;

Lost to his father's glories, and his own,

He longs to mount a tributary throne:

Whilst I, more desperate from my father's fate,

Nourish within my breast immortal hate.

But yet, not all the rage that hatred breeds,

Not all the jealousies ambition feeds,

Not all the glories Pontus' realms can boast,

Not these divide our wretched bosoms most.

ARB. What nearer care Xiphares' fear alarms?

XIP. Then hear astonish'd, friend; Monimia's charms,

Whom late our father honour'd with his vows,

And now Pharnaces with bold zeal pursues.

ARB. Monimia!

XIP. I love, nor longer will conceal
A flame which truth and honour bid reveal:
Nor duty further binds my tongue, since here
I now no rival but a brother fear:
Nor is this flame the passion of a day,
A sudden blaze that hastens to decay;
Long in my breast I pent the rising groan,
Told it in secret to my heart alone:
O could I, faithful to its rage, express
Its first uneasiness, my last distress!
But lose not now the moments to disclose
The long, long story of my amorous woes.—
Suffice it thee to know, that ere my sire
Beheld this beauteous object of desire,
I saw and felt the charmer in my heart,
An holy passion dignified the dart.
My father saw her too; nor sought to move
With vows that she and virtue could approve;
Haughty of sovereign rule, he hoped to find
An easy conquest o'er a woman's mind:
But when he found in honour resolute,
She scorn'd indignant his imperious suit,
'Twas then he sent in Hymen's sacred name
His diadem, the pledge of purer flame.
Judge then, my friend, what agonizing smart
Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart,
When first from fame the dreadful tale I heard,
The fair Monimia to his throne preferr'd;
And that Arbates with his beauteous prey
Shaped for Nympha's walls the destined way.
'Twas then, the more to aggravate my doom,
My mother listen'd to the arts of Rome;

Whether by her great zeal for me misled,
Or stung with rage for her deserted bed,
Betray'd to Pompey (impotent of mind)
The fort and treasures to her charge consign'd.
How dreadful did my mother's guilt appear!
Soon as the fatal tidings reach'd my ear,
No more I saw my rival in my sire,
My duty triumph'd o'er my fond desire;
Alone in the unhappy man survey'd
The father injured, and the king betray'd:
My mother saw me, prodigal of breath,
In every field encounter every death;
Keen to redeem the honours of my name,
Repair her wrongs, and disavow her shame.
Then the broad Euxine own'd my father's sway,
I made the raging Hellespont obey;
His happy vessels flew without control,
Wherever winds could waft, or oceans roll.
My filial duty had attempted more,
E'en hoped his rescue on Euphrates' shore;
Sudden I heard, amid the martial strife,
A hostile arm had cut his thread of life.
'Twas then, I own, amid my various woes,
Monimia dear to my remembrance rose:
I fear'd the furious king, the dire excess
Of amorous rage, and jealous tenderness:
Hither I flew, some mischief to prevent,
With all the speed presaging passion lent:
Nor less my fears sinister omens drew,
When in these walls Pharnaces struck my view.
Pharnaces! still impetuous, haughty, bold,
Rash in design, in action uncontrol'd,
Solicits the fair queen, again renews
His interrupted hopes, and former vows,

Confirms his father's death, and longs to move
Her gentle bosom to more equal love.
I own indeed, whilst Mithridates reign'd,
My love was by parental law restrain'd,
Revered submissive his superior power,
Who claim'd my duty from my natal hour;
Enfranchised by his death, it scorns to yield
To any other's hopes so dear a field.
Either Monimia, adverse to my claim,
Rejects, ah, Heaven forbid! my tender claim;
Or—but whatever danger's to be run,
'Tis by my death alone the prize is won.
'Tis thine to choose, which of the two to save,
Thy royal master's son, or Pompey's slave.
Proud of the Romans who espouse his cause,
Pharnaces proudly thinks to dictate laws;
But let him know, that here that very hour
My father died I knew no rival power.
The realms of Pontus own his sovereign sway,
Him Colchus and its provinces obey,
And Colchus' princes ever did maintain
The Bosphorus a part of their domain. [claim,
ARB. My lord, what power I boast you justly
My duty and affection are the same;
Arbates has but one plain point in view,
To honour and his royal master true:
Had Mithridates reign'd, nor force nor art
Had e'er seduced this faithful loyal heart;
Now by his death released, my duteous care,
His royal will declared, awaits his heir:
The selfsame zeal I to your succour bring,
With which I served your father, and my king.
Had Heaven Pharnaces' impious purpose sped,
I the first victim of his rage had bled;

Those walls so long his entrance which withstood,
Ere this had reddened with my odious blood.
Go, to the blooming queen your suit approve,
And mould her gentle bosom to your love :
Affianced in my faith, dismiss your fear ;
Either Arbates has no credit here,
Or else Pharnaces, by my arts overcome,
Elsewhere shall boast him of the aids of Rome.

SPEECH OF RANDOLPH.

A FRAGMENT OF BRUCE, BOOK II.

‘ DEMAND’ST thou, mighty Bruce, to know from
My lineage I derive ; then hear a tale [whence
Well known through fair Stirlina’s fruitful bounds,
My native land ; of ancient Scottish kings,
Thy royal ancestry, O Bruce ! am I
Undoubted offspring ; and, forgive the boast,
From the same fount my blood united flows,
Allied to thine. As yet Cameldoun’s walls
By Forth, delightful stream ! encircled stood
The seat of Edenuther, Pictish king ;
To whose destruction, eager to revenge
The breach of faith and hospitable laws
Insulted, his embattled host
Fierce Corbred led ; for from Dunstaffnage towers,
Pretending love, and hymeneal rite,
The treacherous Pict with meditated force,
Bore Ethelind, her country’s justest pride,
Peerless and fair ; a thousand heroes fought
For her to death, fierce raging round the walls
Of lofty Cameldoun : the guilty prince

Had dearly paid the price of faith forsworn,
But, studious of new frauds, within his walls
He' invites the Scottish train, friendly to meet
In amicable talk; fair Ethelind
To be the pledge of future peace, and join
The warring nations in eternal league
Of love connubial: the unweeting king
Enter'd the hostile gates; with feast and song
The towers resound, till the dark midnight hour
Awake the murderers: in sleep he fell
With all his peers, in early life, and left
His vow'd revenge, and sister unredeem'd.

‘ Now was the royal virgin left exposed
To the fell victor's lust, no friend to aid,
Her brother slain, and fierce and mighty chiefs
That warr'd in her defence: how could, alas!
Unshelter'd helpless Innocence resist
The' infernal ravisher? with steadfast mind
She scorn'd his proffer'd love; by virtue's aid
Triumphant o'er his lust. In vain with tears
And rough complaint that spoke a savage heart,
Strove he to gain and woo her to his will:
In vain, enraged and ruthless in his love,
He threaten'd. Death disdain'd, force was the last,
But that her arm opposed, resolved to strike
The poniard in her breast, her virtue's guard.
All arts thus tried in vain, at last incensed
Deep in a dungeon, from the cheerful light
Far, far removed, the wretched maid he threw
Deplorable; doom'd in that dwelling drear
To waste her anxious days and sleepless nights,
Anguish extreme! ah, how unlike those hours
That in her father's palace wont to pass
In festival and dance. Her piteous shrieks

Moved her stern keeper's heart, secret he frees
The' imprison'd maid; and to the king relates
Her death, dissembling. Then with fell despite
And rage, inflamed for unenjoyed love,
The monarch storm'd, he loathed his food, and fled
All human converse, frustrate of his will.

‘ Meanwhile the nymph forsakes the hostile
walls

Flying by night; through pathless wilds unknown
Guideless she wanders, in her frightened ears
Still hears the tyrant's voice, in fancy views
His form terrific, and his dreaded front
Severe in frowns; her tender heart is vex'd
With every fear, and oft desires to die.
Now day return'd, and cheerful light began
To' adorn the heavens; lost in the hills she knew
No certain path; around the dreary waste
Sending her weeping eye, in vain required
Her native fields, Dunstaffnage' well known
towers,

And high Edesta's walls, her father's reign.

‘ Three days the royal wanderer bore the heat
Intensely fervent, and three lonesome nights
Wet with the chilling dews; the forest oak
Supplied her food, and at the running stream,
Patient, she slaked her thirst. But when the fourth
Arose; descending from the Ochell height,
The flowery fields beneath, she wander'd long
Erroneous, disconsolate, forlorn.

Jerne's stream she pass'd, a rising hill
Stood on the bank opposed, adorn'd with trees,
A silvan scene! thither she bent her flight,
O'ercome with toil, and gently laid her down
In the embowering shade: the dew of sleep

Fell on her weary eyes; then pleasing dreams
Began to lay the tempest in her mind,
Calming from troubled thoughts: to regal pomp
She seems restored, her brother's fate revenged,
The tyrant slain: she dream'd till morn arose,
The fifth that rose, since from Cameldoun's walls
She bent her flight; the cheerful day invites,
From fair Dundalgan's ever sunny towers,
Mildred to' arise, who oft in fields of death
Victorious, led the Picts embattled race,
Illustrious chief! he to the hilly height,
His morning walk, pleased with the season fair,
Betakes him musing, there it was he saw
Fair Ethelind, surprised as Hengist's son
Elfred asleep beheld, when as she fled
From Saxony, to shun a stepdame's rage
That sought her life, he with prevailing words
Woo'd the consenting maid: nor less amazed
The Pictish leader saw the beauteous form,
Fix'd in surprise, and ardent gaze, he stood
Wondering! his beating heart with joy o'erflow'd.
He led her blushing from the sacred grove
In bashful modesty, and doubting joy
Chastised with fear, alternate in her breast,
Poor lovely mourner! to his parents show'd
The beauteous stranger; they, in age revered,
Lift up their trembling hands, and bless'd the maid,
Best workmanship of Heaven! the youthful chief
Transported every day his guest beheld,
And every day beheld, with new delight,
Her winning graces mild, and form divine,
That drew with soft attraction, kindling love,
Inflamed his soul: still new delays he frames
To gain a longer stay, ere he restore




The beauteous exile to her native land,
His promised faith. The story of her woes,
He o'er and o'er demands; she pleased relates
Her past adventures sad, but, prudent, kept
Unknown her royal race; the ardent youth
Hangs on the speaker's lips, still more and more
Enamour'd of her charms, by courtly deed
He sought the virgin's love; by prayers and vows
Won to consent. The nuptial day arose,
Awaked by music's sound; the powers invoked
To bless the hallow'd rite, and happy night
That to his arms bestow'd the much loved maid,
The gift of Heaven: then gladness fill'd his heart
Unspeakable, as when the sapient king,
The son of David, on the happy day
Of his espousals, when his mother bound
His brow in regal gold, delighted saw
His fair Egyptian bride adorn'd with all
Perfection, blooming in celestial sweets.

' While thus the royal exile lived remote
In Hymen's softest joys, the Scottish chiefs
Prepare for battle, studious to redeem
Their captive queen, unknowing of her fate;
With just success unblest'd, discomfited
They fell in ruthless fight, their mighty men,
Unworthy bondage! helpless exiles sold
To foreign lands. The Pictish king enraged
Collects an host, embattled as the sands
Along the Solway coast, from all the bounds
Of his wide empire, Brica's rising towers,
And Jeda's ancient walls, once seat of kings,
With Eden raised on rocks, and Cameldoun,
Send forth their chiefs and citizens to war, [then,
Pour'd through their lofty gates. What anguish

O royal virgin! vex'd thy tender heart,
When thou, thy husband midst your country's foes,
Enroll'dst their leader? much didst thou adjure
By nuptial ties, much by endearing love,
To spare thy country in the waste of war;
He too, the youthful chief, long doubting stood
'Twixt love and duty, unresolved of choice,
Hard conflict! to Dunstaffnage' walls he flies,
And left the weeping fair, intent to drown
The voice of love, soft pleading in his heart,
In sounds of battle: but in vain! his wife,
A beauteous form, still rises to his thoughts
In supplicating tears; he grieves to see
The mingling hosts engage, and dreads to find
Amidst the slain, his kindred new allied.

‘ But now the Pictish king with mighty chief
Selected from his peers, pursues his way
To raze the Scottish walls, Dundalgan's towers
Receive their monarch, proud to entertain
The mighty guest: exults the haughty king
With savage joy, when first his eyes beheld
The maid so lately lost, again restored
Sad victim to his lust: what could she do,
Hopeless of aid? or how, alas! avert
The dire event that from the monarch's lust
Her fears presaged? 'twas Heaven her thoughts
inspired

In hour of sad extreme, she flies the dome
With two, alone of all her menial train,
Companions of her flight. The king meanwhile,
Fierce with desire and violent to' enjoy,
Him nor the bowl delights, nor sprightly mirth,
Nor tale of martial knight in ancient time
Recited: the unfinish'd feast he leaves



With wine inflamed and ill persuading lust,
Worst counsellors!—a secret way he found
That to the queen's apartment led unseen;
Thither he flies through many a lofty hall,
Where heroes oft have met in wise consult,
Elate in thought; but Heavens! what fell despite,
What raging pain tore his distracted mind,
When first he knew the royal fair was fled!
Desperate in rage, he hopes his absent prey,
Intent to ravish. Hurrying to the camp
He sought the general's tent, begirt around
With noble Picts there weeping Ethelind,
In soften'd anguish, on the hero's breast
He found reclining, sad: he would have seized
The trembling fair one from her lover's arms,
Her surest refuge, miserably torn,
Victim to lust obscene, had not the youth
Withstood the dire attempt of sovereign sway.
Haughty, the monarch raged and call'd his chiefs
To aid, his chiefs refuse the' unjust command:
Then, impotent of mind, he storm'd, he raved,
Outrageous in his ire: then wild uproar,
Tumult, and martial din, sounds o'er the camp,
While these assist the king, and these the youth,
By fearless friendship led: the clash of swords,
Through the still night, heard on the Scottish walls,
Alarms the chiefs in midnight council met:
The boldest of their warrior train they choose
For secret ambush, sheath'd in jointed mail;
The' intrepid band beneath a bending hill,
Await the rising dawn; Mildred they seized,
The royal exile and their social train,
Flying the monarch's rage: the beauteous queen
Rejoices to behold her native walls,

Exiled so long her peers with lifted hands
Extoll'd the bounteous powers, their queen re-
turn'd,

The wondrous work of Fate; now she relates
Her direful tale; the audience melt in tears.

‘ Meanwhile the monarch raging in the camp,
Forsook of all his peers, for fierce assault
Prepared, attended with a desperate crew
Of men, that shared in partnership of crimes,
March'd forward to his fate; the ambush'd train
Rise sudden, round them spread the slaughter'd foe.
Himself, as furious in the front he warr'd
Bled by a well aim'd spear; to punish'd ghosts
Of kings perfidious, fled his guilty soul.

‘ The monarch slain, the Pictish chiefs that late
Forsook the noisy camp, convene within
The Scotch walls, the princes joyful plight
In leagues of mutual peace; in every fane
Each grateful altar blazed: to Heaven they paid
Their vows, their queen restored, and with her
peace,

The purchase of her love: through all the town
Public rejoicings reign'd, the voice of mirth
Was heard in every street, that blazing shone
Illuminated bright. The diadem
Instarr'd with diamond gems and flaming gold,
Magnificent! by Scotia's monarchs worn
From eldest times, upon her beauteous brow
Placed by a mitred priest, in rich array,
Encircling, shines; her native peers around,
Mix'd with the Pictish chiefs, admiring stand,
Pleased with her heavenly smiles, her gentle look,
The type of softer rule: then next they gave
The sceptre to her hands; the precious stones

Blazed on the beaming point; "Hail! Queen of
Scots,"

Joyful they cry, "hail! to thy own return'd,
Safe from a thousand toils, beyond our hopes,
Crown'd where thy fathers reign'd:" Thus pass'd
the night

In celebrated rites; when morn arose
The' assembled senate partner of her throne
Elect the noble youth, in times of peace
To aid by counsel, and in war to lead
Her marshal'd chiefs:—thus ended all her woes.

' Bless'd in her husband's, and her subjects' love,
Peace flourish'd in her reign: three sons she bore,
All men of valour known; well could they bend
The bow in time of need. Her eldest, graced
With all the train of beauties that adorn
A prince, succeeded to the Scottish rule
His mother's kingdom; in his happy days
The Scottish prowess twice o'erthrew the Dane
In bloody conflict, from our fatal shore
Repuls'd with ignominious rout, disgraced.
Her second hope, born to unluckier fate,
Matchless in fight and every gallant deed,
The terror of his foes, his country's hope,
In ruthless battle by ignoble hands
Fell in his prime of youth, for ever wept,
For ever honour'd. Athingart, the last,
For prudence far renown'd, Elgidra's charms
The hero fired, as in her father's court
A peaceful legate by his brother sent
To Pictland's monarch; there the royal youth
Graceful, in warlike tournament above
His equals shone, and won the princely maid
Court'd by rival kings: from that embrace
Descend a thousand chiefs, that lineal heir'd

The virtues of their sire, witness the fields
Of Loncart, and the streams that purple ran
With stain of Danish blood: the brazen spears
And crested helms, and antique shields, the spoils
Of chiefs in battle slain, hung on the roof;
Eternal trophies of their martial deeds,
From son to son preserved with jealous care.
My father in his country's quarrel met
A glorious fate, when godlike Wallace fought;
He, firm adherer to the nobler cause,
Shared all his toils, and bled in all his fights,
Till Falkirk saw him fall; with Graham he fell,
Wallace his bold compeer, whom, great in arms,
Wallace alone surpass'd. With martial thoughts
He fired my youthful mind, and taught betimes
To build my glory on my country's love,
His great example! To thy native reign
If thee, thy fate propitious to the good,
Restored, he' enjoin'd me to unite my force,
From foreign victors to retrieve again
Thy ravish'd kingdoms: then this sword he gave
In dangers ever faithful to his arm,
Pledge of paternal love; nor shall the foe
Exult, I ween, to find the dastard son
Degenerate from his sire, to wield in vain
A father's gift. In me, O Bruce! behold
A willing warrior, from Bodotria's stream
I lead my native bands, hardy and bold,
In fight distinguish'd by superior deed.'

He said and ceased; the arm'd assembly stood
Silent in thought, till from his lofty seat
Great Bruce arose——'O noble youth! (he cried)
Descended from a line of noble sires, [self,
Accept thy monarch's thanks——Welcome thy-
Welcome thy sequent chiefs; thy country, sore

Oppress'd by dire usurpers, now demands
Warriors like thee, where death and bloodshed
reign

In conflict stern ; do thou approve thy might
Above thy fellows, by transcendent acts
To Fame endear'd ; she, on thy praise well pleased
Constant to dwell, shall rear thee up on high
The loftiest branch, to' adorn thy ancient stem.'

He spake, and gave the youth his plighted hand,
Pledge of benevolence and kind intent ;
The chiefs around embrace and glad receive
The youthful champion, worthy of his race.

* * * * *



KING LEAR'S SPEECH TO EDGAR.

TAKING A VIEW OF MAN FROM THE SIDE OF
HIS MISERIES.

Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest
the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool,
the cat no perfume :—Ha ! here's three of us are sophis-
ticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man
is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou
art.—Off, off, you lendings ; come, unbutton here.

SHAKSPEARE.

SEE where the solitary creature stands,
Such as he issued out of Nature's hands ;
No hopes he knows, no fears, no joys, no cares,
Nor pleasure's poison, nor ambition's snares ;
But shares, from self forged chains of life released,
The forest kingdom with his fellow beast.

Yes, all we see of thee is Nature's part;
Thou art the creature's self;—the rest is art.
For thee, the skilful worm of specious hue,
No shining threads of ductile radiance drew;
For thee no sun the ripening gem refined;
No bleating innocence the fleece resign'd:
The hand of luxury ne'er taught to pour
O'er thy faint limbs the oil's refreshing shower:
His bed the flinty rock; his drink, his food,
The running brook, and berries of the wood.
What have we added to this plain account?
What passions? what desires? a huge amount!
Clothed, fed, warm'd, cool'd, each by his brother's
We live upon the wide creation's spoil. [toil,
Quit, monarch, quit thy vain superfluous pride;
Lay all thy foreign ornaments aside:
Bid art no more its spurious gifts supply;
Be man, mere man; thirst, hunger, grieve, and die.

A SOLILOQUY.

IN IMITATION OF HAMLET.

MY anxious soul is tore with doubtful strife,
And hangs suspended betwixt death and life;
Life! death! dread objects of mankind's debate;
Whether superior to the shocks of fate,
To bear its fiercest ills with steadfast mind,
To Nature's order piously resign'd,
Or, with magnanimous and brave disdain,
Return her back the' injurious gift again.
O! if to die, this mortal bustle o'er,
Were but to close one's eyes, and be no more;

From pain, from sickness, sorrows, safe withdrawn,
In night eternal that shall know no dawn ;
This dread, imperial, wondrous frame of man,
Lost in still nothing, whence it first began :
Yes, if the grave such quiet could supply,
Devotion's self might even dare to die,
Lest hapless victors in the mortal strife,
Through death we struggle but to second life.
But, fearful here, though curious to explore,
Thought pauses, trembling on the hither shore :
What scenes may rise, awake the human fear ;
Being again resumed, and God more near ;
If awful thunders the new guest appal,
Or the soft voice of gentle mercy call.
This teaches life with all its ills to please,
Afflicting poverty, severe disease ;
To lowest infamy gives power to charm,
And strikes the dagger from the boldest arm.
Then, Hamlet, cease ; thy rash resolves forego ;
God, Nature, Reason, all will have it so :
Learn by this sacred horror, well suppress'd,
Each fatal purpose in the traitor's breast.
This damps revenge with salutary fear,
And stops ambition in its wild career,
Till virtue for itself begin to move,
And servile fear exalt to filial love.
Then in thy breast let calmer passions rise,
Pleased with thy lot on earth, absolve the skies.
The ills of life see Friendship can divide ;
See angels warring on the good man's side.
Alone to Virtue happiness is given,
On earth self-satisfied, and crown'd in heaven.

A SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN JUNE, 1746.

MYSTERIOUS inmate of this breast,
Enkindled by thy flame;
By thee my being's best express'd,
For what thou art I am:

With thee I claim celestial birth,
A spark of Heaven's own ray;
Without thee sink to vilest earth,
Inanimated clay.

Now in this sad and dismal hour
Of multiplied distress,
Has any former thought the power
To make thy sorrows less?

When all around thee cruel snares
Threaten thy destined breath,
And every sharp reflection bears
Want, exile, chains, or death;

Can aught that pass'd in youth's fond reign
Thy pleasing vein restore,
Lives Beauty's gay and festive train
In Memory's soft store?

Or does the Muse? 'Tis said her art
Can fiercest pangs appease;
Can she to thy poor trembling heart
Now speak the words of peace?

Yet she was wont at early dawn
To whisper thy repose,
Nor was her friendly aid withdrawn
At grateful evening's close.

Friendship, 'tis true, its sacred might,
May mitigate thy doom;
As lightning shot across the night,
A moment gilds the gloom.

O God! thy Providence alone
Can work a wonder here,
Can change to gladness every moan,
And banish all my fear.

Thy arm, all powerful to save,
May every doubt destroy;
And, from the horrors of the grave,
New raise to life and joy.

From this, as from a copious spring,
Pure consolation flows;
Makes the faint heart midst sufferings sing,
And midst despair repose.

Yet from its creature, gracious Heaven!
Most merciful and just,
Asks but, for life and safety given,
Our faith and humble trust.

A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

THROUGH life's strange mystic paths how man-kind strays!

A contradiction still in all their ways;
In youth's gay bloom, in wealth's insulting hour,
As Heaven all mercy was, they live secure;
Yet full of fears, and anxious doubts expire,
And in the awful Judge forget the Sire.
Fair Virtue then with faithful steps pursue,
Thy good deeds many, thy offences few;
That at the general doom thou mayst appear
With filial hope to sooth thy conscious fear;
Then to perpetual bliss expect to live,
Thy Saviour is thy Judge, and may forgive.

THE WISH.

If join'd to make up Virtue's glorious tale,
A weak, but pious aid can aught avail,
Each sacred study, each diviner page
That once inspired my youth, shall sooth my age.
Deaf to ambition, and to interest's call;
Honour my titles, and enough my all;
No pimp of pleasure, and no slave of state,
Serene from fools, and guiltless of the great,
Some calm and undisturb'd retreat I'll choose
Dear to myself and friends. Perhaps the Muse
May grant, while all my thoughts her charms em-
If not a future fame, a present joy, [ploy,
Pure from each feverish hope, each weak desire;
Thoughts that improve, and slumbers that inspire,

A steadfast peace of mind, raised far above
The guilt of hate and weaknesses of love;
Studious of life, yet free from anxious care,
To others candid, to myself severe :
Filial, submissive to the Sovereign Will,
Glad of the good, and patient of the ill ;
I'll work in narrow sphere what Heaven approves,
Abating hatreds, and increasing loves,
My friendship, studies, pleasures, all my own,
Alike to envy and to fame unknown :
Such in some bless'd asylum let me lie,
Take of my fill of life, and wait, not wish to die.

PSALM LXV.

IMITATED.

THRICE happy he ! whom thy paternal love
Allows to tread the radiant courts above,
To range the climes where pure enjoyments grow,
Where blessings spring, and endless pleasures
Awful in majesty thy glories shine, [flow :
Thy mercy speaks its Author all divine.
Thy tender and amazing care is own'd,
Where'er old Ocean walks his wavy round ;
Those that explore the terrors of the main,
Embroid'd with storms, in search of paltry gain,
Where tides encounter with tumultuous roar,
Derive their safety from thy boundless power :
Within their stated mounds thy nod contains
The lawless waves, where headlong tumult reigns ;
At thy despotic call the rebels cease,
Sink to a smiling calm,—and all is peace.
Those that inhabit earth's remotest bound,
Trembling survey thy terrors all around,

When kindling meteors redden in the air,
And shake thy judgments from their sanguine hair;
At thy command fair blushes lead the day,
And orient pearls glow from each tender spray,
Night with her solemn gloom adores a God,
And spreads her sable horrors at his nod,
Whole Nature cheerful owns her Maker's voice,
Each creature smiles, and all his works rejoice.
Thy bounty streams in soft descending showers,
And wakens into bloom the drooping flowers;
Pregnant on high thy cloudy cisterns move,
And pour their genial treasures from above;
Earth smiles, array'd in all her youthful charms,
Her flowery infants ope their blushing arms,
And kindling life each vernal blossom warms.
Thus the glad year, with circling mercies crown'd,
Enjoys thy goodness in an endless round.
Whene'er thou smilest, fresh beauties paint the
earth,

And flowers awaken'd vegetate to birth.
The dreary wilds, where no delights are found,
Where never spring adorn'd the sterile ground,
At thy command a pompous dress assume,
Fair roses glow, and opening lilies bloom:
Here verdant hills arise on every side,
And shoot their tops aloft with conscious pride;
There lowing herds adorn the fertile soil,
And crown with fleecy wool the shepherd's toil:
While tender lambs their infant voices raise,
And sweetly bleat the' Almighty Giver's praise.
Here loaded valleys smile with waving corn,
And golden prospects every field adorn;
They shout for joy, and lowly bending sing,
With sweet harmonious notes, their gracious King!

ODES.

ODE I.

TO FANCY.

FANCY, bright and winged maid !
In thy night-drawn car convey'd
O'er the green earth and wide-spread main,
A thousand shadows in thy train,
A varied air-embodied host,
To don what shapes thou pleasest most ;
Brandish no more thy scorpion stings
Around the destined couch of kings ;
Nor in Rebellion's ghastly size
A dire gigantic spectre rise :
Cease, for a while, in rooms of state
To damp the slumbers of the great ;
In Merit's lean-look'd form to' appear,
And holla Traitor in their ear :
Or Freedom's holier garb belie,
While Justice grinds her axe fast by :
Nor o'er the miser's eyelids pour
The unrefreshing golden shower ;
Whilst, keen the' unreal bliss to feel,
His breast bedews the ruffian steel.

With these (when next thou takest thy round)
The thoughts of guilty Pride confound :
These swell the horrors and affright
Of Conscience' keen condemning night.
For this (nor, gracious Power! repine)
A gentler ministry be thine :
Whate'er inspires the Poet's theme,
Or Lover's hope-enliven'd dream.
Monimia's mildest form assume ;
Spread o'er thy cheeks her youthful bloom ;
Unfold her eyes' unblemish'd rays,
That melt to virtue as we gaze ;
That Envy's guiltiest wish disarm,
And view benign a kindred charm :
Call all the Graces from thy store,
Till thy creative power be o'er ;
Bid her each breathing sweet dispense,
And robe in her own innocence.

My wish is given : the spells begin ;
The' ideal world awakes within ;
The lonely void of still repose
Pregnant with some new wonder grows :
See, by the twilight of the skies,
The beauteous apparition rise ;
Slow, in Monimia's form, along
Glides to the harmony of song.

But who is he the Virgin leads,
Whom high a flaming torch precedes,
In a gown of stainless lawn,
O'er each manly shoulder drawn ?
Who, clad in robe of scarlet grain,
The boy that bears her flowing train ?

Behind his back a quiver hung,
A bended bow across is flung;
His head and heels two wings unfold,
The azure feathers girt with gold:—
Hymen! 'tis he who kind inspires
Joys unfeign'd and chaste desires:
And thou, of Love deceitful child!
With tiger-heart, yet lamblike mild,
Fantastic by thyself, and vain,
But seemly seen in Hymen's train;
If Fate be to my wishes kind,
O! may I find ye ever join'd;
But if the Fates my wish deny,
My humble roof come ye not nigh.

The spell works on: yet stop the day
While in the house of sleep I stay.
About me swells the sudden grove,
The woven arbourette of Love;
Flowers spring unbidden o'er the ground,
And more than Nature plants around.
Fancy, prolong the kind repose;
Still, still the' enchanting vision glows;
And now I gaze o'er all her charms,
Now sink transported in her arms.
Oh sacred energy divine!
All these enraptured scenes are thine.
Hail! copious source of pure delight;
All hail! thou heaven-revealed rite;
Endearing Truth thy train attends,
And thou and meek-eyed Peace are friends:
Closer entwine the magic bower;
Thick rain the rose-empurpled shower:
The mystic Joy impatient flies
The' unhallow'd gaze of vulgar eyes.

Unenvied let the rich and great
Turmoil without, and parcel Fate,
Indulging here, in bliss supreme,
Might I enjoy the golden dream:
But, ah! the rapture must not stay;
For see! she glides, she glides away.

Oh, Fancy! why didst thou decoy
My thoughts into this dream of joy,
Then to forsake me all alone,
To mourn the fond delusion gone?
O! back again, benign, restore
The pictured vision as before.
Yes, yes: once more I fold my eyes;
Arise, ye dear deceits, arise.
Ideas bland! where do ye rove?
Why fades my visionary grove?
Ye fickle troop of Morpheus' train,
Then will you, to the proud and vain,
From me, fantastic, wing your flight,
To' adorn the dream of false delight!
But now, seen in Monimia's air,
Can you assume a form less fair,
Some idle Beauty's wish supply,
The mimic triumphs of her eye?
Grant all to me this livelong night,
Let charms detain the rising light;
For this one night my liveries wear,
And I absolve you for the year.

What time your poppy-crowned god
Sends his truth-telling scouts abroad,
Ere yet the cock to matins rings,
And the lark, with mounting wings,

The simple village swain has warn'd
To shake off sleep, by labour earn'd ;
Or on the rose's silken hem,
Aurora weeps her earliest gem ;
Or, beneath the opening dawn,
Smiles the fair extended lawn.
When in the soft encircled shade
Ye find reclined the gentle maid,
Each busy motion laid to rest,
And all composed her peaceful breast :
Swift paint the fair internal scene,
The phantom labours of your reign ;
The living imagery adorn
With all the limnings of the morn,
With all the treasures Nature keeps
Conceal'd below the forming deeps ;
Or dress'd in the rich waving pride,
That covers the green mountain's side,
Or blooms beneath the amorous gale
In the wide-embosom'd vale.
Let powerful Music too essay
The magic of her hidden lay :
While each harsh thought away shall fly
Down the full stream of harmony,
Compassion mild shall fill their place,
Each gentle minister of grace,
Pity, that often melts to Love,
Let weeping Pity kind improve
The soften'd heart, prepared to take
Whate'er impressions Love shall make.
Oh ! in that kind, that sacred hour,
When Hate, when Anger, have no power ;
When sighing Love, mild simple boy,
Courtship sweet, and tender joy,

Alone possess the fair one's heart ;
Let me then, Fancy, bear my part.

Oh, goddess! how I long to' appear;
The hour of dear success draws near :
See where the crowding shadows wait ;
Haste and unfold the ivory gate :
Ye gracious forms, employ your aid,
Come in my anxious look array'd,
Come, Love, come, Hymen, at my prayer,
Led by blithe Hope, ye decent pair
By mutual confidence combined,
As erst in sleep I saw you join'd.
Fill my eyes with heart-swell'd tears,
Fill my breast with heart-born fears,
Half-utter'd vows and half-suppress'd,
Part look'd, and only wish'd the rest ;
Make sighs, and speaking sorrows prove,
Suffering much, how much I love ;
Make the Muses' lyre complain,
Strung by me in warbled strain ;
Let the melodious numbers flow
Powerful of a lover's woe,
Till, by the tender Orphean art,
I through her ear shall gain her heart.

Now, Fancy, now the fit is o'er ;
I feel my sorrows vex no more :
But when condemn'd again to mourn,
Fancy, to my aid return.

ODE II.

BEGONE, pursuits so vain and light;
Knowledge, fruitless of delight;
Lean Study, sire of sallow Doubt,
I put thy musing taper out:
Fantastic all, a long adieu;
For what has love to do with you?
For, lo, I go where Beauty fires,
To satisfy my soul's desires;
For, lo, I seek the sacred walls
Where Love and gentle Beauty calls;
For me she has adorn'd the room,
For me has shed a rich perfume:
Has she not prepared the tea?
The kettle boils——she waits for me,

I come not single, but along
Youthful sports a jolly throng!
Thoughtless joke, and infant wiles;
Harmless wit, and virgin smiles;
Tender words, and kind intent;
Languish fond, and blandishment;
Yielding courtesy, whisper low:
Silken blush, with cheeks that glow;
Chaste desires, and wishes meet;
Thin-clad Hope, a footman fleet;
Modesty, that turns aside,
And backward strives her form to hide;
Healthful Mirth, still gay and young,
And Meekness with a maiden's tongue;

Satire, by good humour dress'd
In a many-colour'd vest :
And enter leaning at the door,
Who send'st thy flaunting page before,
The roguish boy of kind delight,
Attendant on the lover's night,
Fair his ivory shuttle flies
Through the bright threads of mingling dyes,
As swift his rosy fingers move
To knit the silken cords of love ;
And stop who softly stealing goes
Occasion high on her tiptoes,
Whom youth with watchful look espies,
To seize the forelock ere she flies,
Ere he her bald pate shall survey,
And well plied heels to run away.

But, anxious Care, be far from hence ;
Vain surmise, and alter'd sense ;
Mishapen doubts, the woes they bring ;
And Jealousy, of fiercest sting ;
Despair, that solitary stands,
And wrings a halter in his hands ;
Flattery false and hollow found,
And Dread, with eye still looking round ;
Avarice, bending under pelf :
Conceit, still gazing on herself :
O Love! exclude high-crested Pride,
Nymph of Amazonian stride :
Nor in these walls, like waiting maid,
Be Curiosity survey'd,
That to the keyhole lays her ear,
Listening at the door to hear ;

Nor father Time, unless he's found
In triumph led by Beauty bound,
Forced to yield to Vigour's stroke,
His blunted scythe and hourglass broke.

But come, all ye who know to please ;
Inviting glance, and downy ease ;
The heart-born joy, the gentle care ;
Soft-breathed wish, and power of prayer ;
The simple vow, that means no ill ;
Believing Quiet, submissive Will ;
Constancy of meekest mind,
That suffers long, and still is kind ;
All ye who put our woes to flight ;
All ye who minister delight ;
Nods, and wreaths, and becks, and tips ;
Meaning winks, and roguish trips ;
Fond deceits, and kind surprises ;
Sudden sinks, and sudden rises ;
Laughs, and toys, and gamesome fights ;
Jolly dance, and girds, and flights :
Then, to make me wholly bless'd,
Let me be there a welcome guest,

ODE III.

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus——
HOR.

Now Spring begins her smiling round,
Lavish to paint the' enamel'd ground;
The birds exalt their cheerful voice,
And gay on every bough rejoice.
The lovely Graces, hand in hand,
Knit in Love's eternal band,
With dancing step at early dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.
Where'er the youthful Sisters move,
They fire the soul to genial love.
Now, by the river's painted side,
The swain delights his country bride:
While, pleased, she hears his artless vows;
Above the feather'd songster woos.
Soon will the ripen'd Summer yield
Her various gifts to every field;
Soon fruitful trees, a beauteous show,
With ruby-tinctured births shall glow;
Sweet smells, from beds of lilies borne,
Perfume the breezes of the morn.
The sunny day and dewy night
To rural play my fair invite;
Soft on a bank of violets laid,
Cool she enjoys the evening shade;
The sweets of summer feast her eye:
Yet soon, soon will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by the moral show :
Now young and blooming thou art seen,
Fresh on the stalk, for ever green ;
Now does the' unfolded bud disclose
Full blown to sight the blushing rose :
Yet, once the sunny season pass'd,
Think not the cozening scene will last ;
Let not the flatterer Hope persuade :
Ah! must I say that this will fade ?

For see the Summer posts away,
Sad emblem of our own decay.
Now Winter, from the frozen north,
Drives his iron chariot forth :
His grisly hand in icy chains
Fair Tweda's silver flood constrains :
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare !
Behold his footsteps dire are seen
Confess'd on many a withering green.
Grieved at the sight, when thou shalt see,
A snowy wreath clothe every tree,
Frequenting now the stream no more,
Thou fliest, displeased, the barren shore.
When thou shalt miss the flowers that grew
But late to charm thy ravish'd view,
Shall I, ah horrid ! wilt thou say,
Be like to this another day ?

Yet when in snow and dreary frost
The pleasure of the field is lost,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires supply the distant Sun ;

In gay delights our hours employ,
We do not lose but change our joy;
Happy abandon every care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair,
To turn the page of ancient bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
But when the beauteous white and red
From the pale ashy cheek is fled;
When wrinkles dire, and age severe,
Make Beauty fly we know not where:
The Fair whom Fates unkind disarm,
Have they for ever ceased to charm?
Or is there left some pleasing art,
To keep secure a captive heart?

Unhappy love! might lovers say,
Beauty, thy food does swift decay;
When once that shortlived stock is spent,
What art thy famine can prevent?
Virtues prepare with early care,
That Love may live on Wisdom's fare;
Though ecstasy with beauty flies,
Esteem is born when beauty dies.
Happy to whom the Fates decree
The gift of Heaven in giving thee:
Thy beauty shall his youth engage;
Thy virtues shall delight his age.

ODE IV.

ON THE NEW YEAR. 1739.

JANUS, who with sliding pace,
Runst a never ending race,
And drivest about, in prone career,
The whirling circle of the year,
Kindly indulge a little stay,
I beg but one swift hour's delay.
O! while the' important minutes wait,
Let me revolve the books of fate;
See what the coming year intends
To me, my country, kind, and friends.
Then mayst thou wing thy flight, and go,
To scatter blindly joys and woe;
Spread dire disease, or purest health,
And, as thou list'st, grant place or wealth.
This hour, withheld by potent charms,
E'en Peace shall sleep in Power's mad arms;
Kings feel their inward torments less,
And for a moment wish to bless.

Life now presents another scene,
The same strange farce to act again;
Again the weary human players
Advance, and take their several shares:
Clodius riots, Cæsar fights,
Tully pleads, and Maro writes,
Ammon's fierce son controls the globe,
And Harlequin diverts the mob.

To Time's dark cave the year retreats,
These hoary unfrequented seats;
There from his loaded wing he lays
The months, the minutes, hours, and days;
Then flies, the seasons in his train,
To compass round the year again.

See there in various heaps combined,
The vast designs of humankind;
Whatever swell'd the statesman's thought,
The mischiefs mad ambition wrought,
Public revenge and hidden guilt,
The blood by secret murder spilt,
Friendships to sordid interest given,
And ill match'd hearts, ne'er pair'd in heaven;
What Avarice, to crown his store,
Stole from the orphan, and the poor;
Or Luxury's more shameful waste,
Squander'd on the' unthankful feast.
Ye kings, and guilty great, draw near;
Before this awful court appear:
Bare to the Muse's piercing eye
The secrets of all mortals lie;
She, strict avenger, brings to light
Your crimes conceal'd in darkest night;
As conscience, to her trust most true,
Shall judge between the' oppress'd and you.

This casket shows, ye wretched train,
How often merit sued in vain.
See, there, undried, the widow's tears;
See, there, unsooth'd, the orphan's fears:
Yet, look, what mighty sums appear,
The vile profusion of the year.

Couldst thou not, impious Greatness, give
The smallest alms, that Want might live?
And yet, how many a large repast
Pall'd the rich glutton's sickly taste!
One table's vain intemperate load,
With ambush'd death, and sickness strow'd,
Had bless'd the cottage' peaceful shade,
And given its children health and bread:
The rustic sire, and faithful spouse,
With each dear pledge of honest vows,
Had, at the sober-tasted meal,
Repeated oft the grateful tale;
Had hymn'd, in native language free,
The song of thanks to Heaven and thee;
A music that the great ne'er hear,
Yet sweeter to the' internal ear
Than any soft seducing note
E'er thrill'd from Farinelli's throat.

Let's still search on—This bundle's large.
What's here? 'Tis Science' plaintive charge.
Hear Wisdom's philosophic sigh
(Neglected all her treasures lie),
That none her secret haunts explore,
To learn what Plato taught before;
Her sons seduced to turn their parts
To flattery's more thriving arts;
Refine their better sense away,
And join Corruption's flag, for pay.
See his reward the gamester share,
Who painted moral virtue fair;
Inspired the minds of generous youth
To love the simple mistress Truth;
The patriot path distinctly show'd,
That Rome and Greece to glory trod;

That self-applause is noblest fame,
And kings may greatness link to shame,
While honesty is no disgrace,
And peace can smile without a place.
Hear too Astronomy repine,
Who taught unnumber'd worlds to shine;
Who travels boundless ether through,
And brings the distant orbs to view.
Can she her broken glass repair,
Though Avarice has her all to spare?
What mighty secrets had been found,
Was Virtue mistress of five pound!
Yet see where, given to Wealth and Pride,
A bulky pension lies beside.

Avaunt then, Riches; no delay;
I spurn the' ignoble heaps away.
What though your charms can purchase all
The giddy honours of this ball;
Make nature's germans all divide,
And haughty peers renounce their pride;
Can buy proud Flavia's sordid smile,
Or, ripe for fate, this destined isle.
Though Greatness condescends to pray,
Will Time indulge one hour's delay,
Or give the wretch intent on pelf
One moment's credit with himself?
Virtue, that true from false discerns,
The vulgar courtly phrase unlearns,
Superior far to Fortune's frown,
Bestows alone the stable crown,
The wreath from Honour's root that springs,
That fades upon the brows of kings.

ODE V.

ON THE BATTLE OF GLADSMUIR. 1745.

As over Gladsmuir's blood-stain'd field,
Scotia, imperial goddess, flew;
Her lifted spear and radiant shield
Conspicuous blazing to the view;
Her visage, lately clouded with despair,
Now reassumed its first majestic air.

Such seen as oft in battle warm
She glow'd through many a martial age;
Or mild to breathe the civil charm,
In pious plans and counsel sage:
For, o'er the mingling glories of her face,
A manly greatness heighten'd female grace.

Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,
Her voice the power celestial raised;
Whilst her victorious sons around
In silent joy and wonder gazed:
The sacred Muses heard the' immortal lay,
And thus to earth the notes of fame convey—

'Tis done! my sons! 'tis nobly done!
Victorious over tyrant power;
How quick the race of fame was run!
The work of ages in one hour: [reigns;
Slow creeps the' oppressive weight of slavish
One glorious moment rose, and burst your chains.

‘ But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,
 A prey to each insulting foe;
I sought the grove and gloomy vale,
 To vent in solitude my woe;
Now to my hand the balance fair restored;
Once more I wield on high the imperial sword !

‘ What arm has this deliverance wrought?
 ’Tis he! the gallant youth appears;
O warm in fields, and cool in thought !
 Beyond the slow advance of years !
Haste, let me, rescued now from future harms, .
Strain close the filial virtue in my arms.

‘ Early I nursed this royal youth,
 Ah! ill detain’d on foreign shores;
I fill’d his mind with love of truth,
 With fortitude and wisdom’s stores :
For when a noble action is decreed,
Heaven forms the hero for the destined deed.

‘ Nor could the soft seducing charms
 Of mild Hesperia’s blooming soil
E’er quench his noble thirst of arms,
 Of generous deeds and honest toil;
Fired with the warmth a country’s love imparts,
He fled their weakness, but admired their arts.

‘ With him I plough’d the stormy main ;
 My breath inspired the’ auspicious gale ;
Reserved for Gladsmuir’s glorious plain,
 Through dangers wing’d his daring sail :
Where, form’d with inborn worth, he durst oppose
His single valour to an host of foes.

‘ He came ! he spoke ! and all around,
As swift as Heaven’s quick-darted flame,
Shepherds turn’d warriors at the sound,
And every bosom beat for fame :
They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,
And at his side the willing heroes rise.

‘ Rouse, England ! rouse, Fame’s noblest son,
In all thy ancient splendour shine ;
If I the glorious work begun,
O let the crowning palm be thine :
I bring a prince, for such is Heaven’s decree,
Who overcomes but to forgive and free.

‘ So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,
While plenty crowns the smiling plain ;
And Industry, fair child of peace,
Shall in each crowded city reign ;
So shall these happy realms for ever prove
The sweets of union, liberty, and love.’

SONGS.

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay
plain, [strain;
Approach from your sports, and attend to my
Amongst all your number a lover so true
Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies :
She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air, [sighs;
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair !

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears :
Her answer confounds, while her manners endears;
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her, in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish and sigh for the fair :
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so !
And only when dreaming imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire ;
Nor think she should love, whom she cannot admire ;
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to Heaven, and thyself to the grave.

AH the shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish !
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover ;
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes,

For, oh ! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee ;
Till Death o'ertake me in the chase,
Still will my hopes pursue thee :
Then when my tedious hours are pass'd,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

ADIEU, ye pleasant sports and plays,
Farewell each song that was diverting ;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I sing of Delia and of Damon's parting.

Long had he loved, and long conceal'd
The dear, tormenting, pleasant passion,
Till Delia's mildness had prevail'd
On him to show his inclination.

Just as the fair one seem'd to give
A patient ear to his love-story,
Damon must his Delia leave,
To go in quest of toilsome glory.

Half-spoken words hung on his tongue,
Their eyes refused the usual greeting ;
And sighs supplied their wonted song,
These charming sounds were changed to
weeping.

A. Dear idol of my soul, adieu !
Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me,
While Damon lives, he lives for you,
No other charms shall ever move me.

B. Alas ! who knows, when parted far
From Delia, but you may deceive her ?
The thought destroys my heart with care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear for ever.

A. If ever I forget my vows,
May then my guardian angel leave me :
And more to aggravate my woes,
Be you so good as to forgive me.

YE shepherds of this pleasant vale,
Where Yarrow streams along,
Forsake your rural toils, and join
In my triumphant song.
She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile
Atones her long delays,
One happy minute crowns the pains
Of many suffering days.

Raise, raise the victor-notes of joy,
These suffering days are o'er,
Love satiates now his boundless wish
From beauty's boundless store;
No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears
This rising calm destroy,
Now every prospect smiles around
All opening into joy.

The sun with double lustre shone
That dear consenting hour,
Brighten'd each hill, and o'er each vale
New colour'd every flower;
The gales their gentle sighs withheld,
No leaf was seen to move,
The hovering songsters round were mute,
And wonder hush'd the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound
The lambkin's tender cry,
Without one murmur Yarrow stole
In dimpling silence by;

All Nature seem'd in still repose
Her voice alone to hear,
That gently roll'd the tuneful wave,
She spoke and bless'd my ear.

'Take, take, whate'er of bliss or joy
You fondly fancy mine,
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast
Love renders wholly thine;'
The woods struck up, to the soft gale
The leaves were seen to move,
The feather'd choir resumed their voice,
And wonder fill'd the grove.

The hills and dales again resound
The lambkins tender cry,
With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd
The song of triumph by;
Above, beneath, around, all on
Was verdure, beauty, song;
I snatch'd her to my trembling breast,
All nature joy'd along.

Go, plaintive sounds! and to the fair
My secret wounds impart,
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
Each motion in my heart.

But she, methinks, is listening now
To some enchanting strain,
The smile that triumphs o'er her brow
Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds, yet, yet delay,
Howe'er my love repine,
Let that gay minute pass away,
The next perhaps is thine.

Yes, plaintive sounds, no longer cross'd,
Your griefs shall soon be o'er,
Her cheek undimpled now, has lost
The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds, she now is yours,
'Tis now your time to move;
Essay to soften all her powers,
And be that softness, love.

Cease, plaintive sounds, your task is done,
That anxious tender air
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won,
I see you melting there.

Return, ye smiles, return again,
Return each sprightly grace;
I yield up to your charming reign,
All that enchanting face.

I take no outward show amiss,
Rove where they will, her eyes,
Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,
So she but hear my sighs.

YOU ask me, charming fair,
Why thus I pensive go,
From whence proceeds my care,
What nourishes my woe?

Why seek'st the cause to find
Of ills that I endure?
Ah! why so vainly kind,
Unless resolved to cure?

It needs no magic art
To know whence my alarms;
Examine your own heart,
Go read them in your charms.

Whene'er the youthful quire
Along the vale advance,
To raise, at your desire,
The lay, or form the dante;

Beneficent to each,
You some kind grace afford:
Gentle in deed or speech,
A smile or friendly word.

Whilst on my love you put
No value;—or the same,
As if my fire was but
Some paltry village flame.

At this my colour flies,
My breast with sorrow heaves;
The pain I would disguise,
Nor man nor maid deceives.

My love stands all display'd,
Too strong for art to hide,
How soon the heart's betray'd
With such a clue to guide!.

How cruel is my fate,
Affronts I could have borne,
Found comfort in your hate,
Or triumph'd in your scorn:

But whilst I thus adore,
I'm driven to wild despair;
Indifference is more
Than raging love can bear.

WOULDST thou know her sacred charms
Who this destined heart alarms,
What kind of nymph the Heavens decree
The maid that's made for love and me?

Who pants to hear the sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear,
From each ungentle passion free;
Such the maid that's made for me.

Who joys whene'er she sees me glad,
Who sorrows when she sees me sad,
For peace and me can pomp resign;
Such the heart that's made for mine.

Whose soul with generous friendship glows,
Who feels the blessing she bestows,
Gentle to all, but kind to me;
Such be mine, if such there be.

Whose genuine thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart,
A simple train, from falsehood free;
Such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt, ye light coquettes, retire,
Whom glittering fops around admire;
Unmoved your tinsel charms I see,
More genuine beauties are for me.

Should Love, fantastic as he is,
Raise up some rival to my bliss;
And should she change, but can that be?
No other maid is made for me.

BY A YOUNG LADY,

ON READING THE FOREGOING.

If you would know, my dearest friend,
The man whose merit may pretend
To gain my heart, that yet is free,
Him that's made for love and me—

His mind should be his chiefest care,
All his improvements centre there,
From each unmanly passion free;
That is the man who's made for me.

Whose generous bosom goodness warms,
Whom sacred virtue ever charms,
Who to no vice a slave will be;
This is the man who's made for me.

Whose tongue can easily impart
The dictates of his honest heart,
In plain good sense; from flattery free;
Such he must be who's made for me.

He alone can love inspire,
Who feels the warmth of friendship's fire;
Humane and generous, kind and free;
That is the man who's made for me.

If such an one, my friend, e'er tries
To make me his by strictest ties,
The study of my life shall be,
To please the man so dear to me.

Ye powder'd beaux, from me retire,
Who only your dear selves admire;
Though deck'd in richest lace you be,
No tinsel'd fop has charms for me.

Glasgow.

REPLY BY MR. HAMILTON.

— Sed quæ legat ipsa Lycoris. VIRG.

O GENTLE maid! whoe'er thou art,
That seek'st to bless a friendly heart;
Whose muse and mind seem framed to prove
The tenderness of mutual love;

The heart that flutters in his breast,
That longs and pants to be at rest,
Roam'd all around thy sex, to find
A gentle mate; and hoped her kind.

I saw a face—and found it fair;
I search'd a mind—saw goodness there:
Goodness and beauty both combined;
But Heaven forbad her to be kind.

To thee for refuge dare I fly,
The victim of another eye?
Poor gift! a lost, rejected heart,
Deep wounded by a foreign dart.

From this inevitable chain,
Alas! I hope to scape in vain.
Is there a power can set me free,
A power on earth—or is it thee?

Yet were thy cheek as Venus fair;
Bloom'd all the Paphian goddess there,
Such as she bless'd Adonis' arms;
Thou couldst but equal Laura's charms.

Or were thy gentlest mind replete
With all that's mild, that's soft, that's sweet;
Was all that's sweet, soft, mild, combined,
Thou couldst but equal Laura's mind.

Since beauty, goodness, is not found
Of equal force to sooth this wound,
Ah! what can ease my anguish'd mind?
Perhaps the charm of being kind.

Canst thou transported view the lays
That warble forth another's praise,
Indulgent to the vow unknown,
Well pleased with homage not thy own?

Canst thou the sighs with pity hear
That swell to touch another's ear?
Canst thou with soft compassion see
The tears that fall, and not for thee?

Canst thou thy blooming hopes resign,
The vow sincere, so dearly thine;
All these resign, and prove to me
What Laura would not deign to be?

When at thy feet I trembling fall,
My life, my soul, my Laura call;
Wilt thou my anxious cares beguile,
And o'er thy face spread Laura's smile.

Perhaps Time's gently stealing pace
May Laura's fatal form efface,
Thou to my heart alone be dear,
Alone thy image triumph here.

Come then, best angel ! to my aid !
Come, sure thou'rt such, the gentlest maid :
If thou canst work this cure divine,
My heart henceforth is wholly thine.

Edinburgh.

THE YOUNG LADY'S ANSWER.

YOUR Laura's charms I cannot boast ;
For beauty I was ne'er a toast ;
I'm not remarkable for sense ;
To wit I've not the least pretence.

If gold and silver have the power
To charm, no thousands swell my dower ;
No shining treasures I possess,
To make the world my worth confess.

An honest, plain, goodnatured lass
(The character by which I pass),
I doubt will scarcely have the art
To drive your Laura from your heart.

But, Sir, your having been in love,
Will not your title to me prove :
Far nobler qualities must be
In him who's made for love and me.

'Tis true, you can with ease impart
The dictates of your honest heart,
In plain good sense, from flattery free :
But this alone won't answer me.

Once more peruse my lines with care ;
Try if you find your picture there :
For by that test you'll quickly see,
If you're the man who's made for me.

Glasgow.

TO A LADY WHO RIDICULED THE AUTHOR'S LOVES.

A FEMALE friend advised a swain
Whose heart she wish'd at ease,
' Make love thy pleasure, not thy pain,
Nor let it deeply seize.

' Beauty, where vanities abound,
No serious passion claims :
Then, till a phenix can be found,
Do not admit the flames.'

But grieved, she finds all his replies
(Since prepossess'd when young)
Take all their hints from Silvia's eyes,
None from Ardelia's tongue.

Thus, Cupid, all their aim they miss,
Who would unbend thy bow ;
And each slight nymph a phenix is,
If thou wouldst have it so.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

To Lady Jane Home.

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTISH MANNER.

A. BUSK ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow?
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bony bony bride,
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bony bony bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bony bony bride?
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun
she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luvèr luvèr dear,
Her luvèr dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That e'er pued birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy Braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weids
Hung on the bony birks of Yarrow!

What yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bald, a stronger arm
Thou metst, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan, [grass,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
As green its grass, its gowan yellow, [Tweed,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy lue, fair fair indeed thy lue,
In floury bands thou him didst fetter,
Though he was fair and weil beluv'd again,
Than me, he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bony bony bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bony bony bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my lue on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my lue,
My lue, as he had not been a luer.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn seuing;
Ah! wretched me! I little little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the toofal of the night
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that waeful waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was floun
That slew my luvè, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luvè's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My luvè nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to muve me,
My luvè's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luvè thee?

Yes yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvè,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the' expected husband lover.

But who the' expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter?
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee !
Yet lie all night between my breasts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after.

A. Return return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

To Lady Mary Montgomery.

Go, Yarrow flower, thou shalt be bless'd,
To lie on beautiful Mary's breast;
Go, Yarrow flower, so sweetly smelling,
Is there on earth so soft a dwelling ?

Go, lovely flower, thou prettiest flower
That ever smiled in Yarrow bower,
Go, daughter of the dewy morning,
With Albes' blush the fields adorning.

Go, lovely rose, what dost thou here ?
Lingering away thy short-lived year,
Vainly shining, idly blooming,
Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,
No hand to pull, no eye to view;
What are thy charms, no heart desiring?
What profits beauty, none admiring?

Go, Yarrow flower, to Yarrow maid,
And on her panting bosom laid,
There all thy native form confessing,
The charm of beauty is possessing.

Come, Yarrow maid, from Yarrow field,
What pleasure can the desert yield?
Come to my breast, O all excelling!
Is there on earth so kind a dwelling?

Come, my dear maid, thou prettiest maid
That ever smiled in Yarrow shade,
Come, sister of the dewy morning,
With Alves' blush the dance adorning.

Come, lovely maid, love calls thee here,
Linger no more thy fleeting year,
Vainly shining, idly blooming,
Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,
No hand to press, no eye to view;
What are thy charms, no heart desiring?
What profits beauty, none admiring?

Come, Yarrow maid, with Yarrow rose,
Thy maiden graces all disclose;
Come, bless'd by all, to all a blessing;
The charm of beauty is possessing.

IMITATIONS.

TO A SWALLOW,

FROM ANACREON.

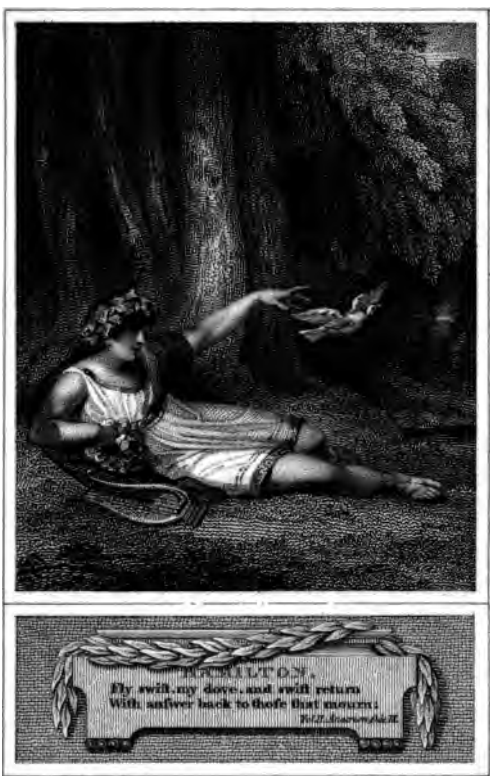
MALICIOUS bird! what punishment,
Due to thy crimes, can love invent!
Or clip thy wings, or cut thy tongue,
And spoil thy flight, and future song;
That thus, unseasonable guest,
Thou darest disturb a lover's rest,
And tear the maid profuse of charms,
My fair Maria, from my arms.

TO A DOVE.

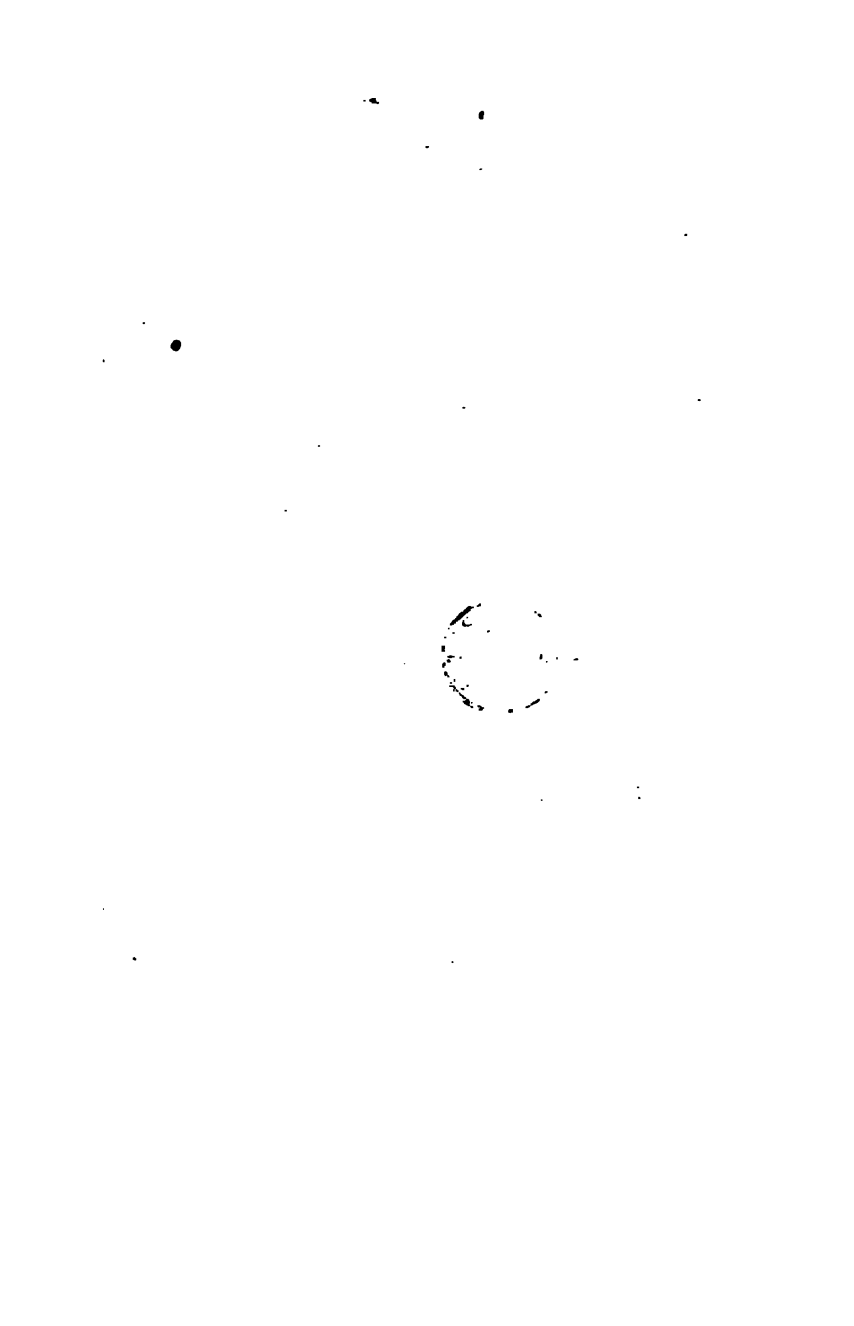
FROM ANACREON.

SAY, beauteous dove, where dost thou fly?
To what new quarter of the sky
Dost thou with silken plumes repair,
To scent with sweets the ambient air?
Stay, gentle bird, nor thou refuse
To bear along a lover's vows.

O tell the maid, of me beloved,
O tell how constant I have proved;
How she to me all nymphs excell'd,
The first my eyes with joy beheld;
And, since she treats me with disdain,
The first my eyes beheld with pain.
Yet whether, to my wishes kind,
She hear my prayer with gracious mind,



*Published in "The Dag," by John Sharpe.
Frequently*



Or, unrelenting of her will,
 Her hot displeasure kindle still,
 I, in her beauty's chains bound fast,
 Shall view her with indifference last.
 Fly swift, my dove, and swift return
 With answer back to those that mourn :
 O ! in thy bill, bring soft and calm
 A branch of silver flowering palm.
 But, why should I thy flight delay ?
 Go fleet, my herald, speed away.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE V.

WHAT happy youth, Maria, now
 Breathes in thy willing ear his vow ?
 With whom spend'st thou thy evening hours
 Amidst the sweets of breathing flowers ?
 For whom retired to secret shade,
 Soft on thy panting bosom laid,
 Setst thou thy looks with nicest care,
 And bind'st in gold thy flowing hair ?
 O neatly plain ! How oft shall he
 Bewail thy false inconstancy ?
 Condemn'd perpetual frowns to prove,
 How often weep thy alter'd love ?
 Who thee, too credulous, hopes to find,
 As now still golden and still kind ;
 And heedless now of fortune's power
 Sets far away the evil hour.
 How oft shalt thou, ill starr'd, bewail
 Thou trusted to the faithless gale ?

When unaccustom'd to survey
The rising winds and swelling sea;
When clouds shall rise on that dear face,
That shone adorn'd in every grace;
That yet untaught in wicked wiles,
Was wont to' appear to thee in smiles.
Wretched they to whom thou shinest, untried
Thy shifting calm and treacherous tide:
For me, once shipwreck'd, now on shore,
I venture out my bark no more.

PALINODE.

O HAPPY youth, who now possess'd
Of my Maria's smiles art bless'd;
Think not thy joys will constant prove;
How many changes are in love!
I once was happy too like thee,
That sun of beauty shone on me:
In darkness ever to deplore,
The sun is set to shine no more;
Doom'd ne'er to view the rising light,
But weep out love's eternal night.

When first I spread the lover's sail,
Love blew from shore a friendly gale;
Sweet appear'd the' enchanting scene,
All calm below, above serene:
Joyous I made before the wind,
Heedless of what I left behind;
Nor rocks nor quicksands did I dread,
No adverse winds to check my speed;

No savage pirate did I fear,
To ravish all my soul held dear,
Far off my treasure to convey,
And sell in foreign lands away :
Maria's hand unfurl'd the sails,
Her prayers invoked the springing gales :
'Twas calm whate'er her eyes survey'd,
Her voice the raging storm obey'd ;
And o'er the bosom of the tides
Her will the ruling rudder guides.
But ah ! the change, she flies away,
And will vouchsafe no longer stay.
See now the swelling seas arise,
Loud storming winds enrage the skies.
All weak the tempest to withstand,
Trembling and pale I put to land.
Wet from the tossing surge, aghast,
I thank the gods, the danger's pass'd ;
And swear to venture out no more,
Secure upon the safer shore ;
Yet should the swelling seas subside,
And roll serene a silver tide ;
Should yet the angry tempest cease,
And gently breathe a gale of peace ;
Much, much I fear, I'd dare again
A second shipwreck on the main.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE VII.

To the Earl of Stair.

LET others in exalted lays
The lofty dome of Hopetoun praise,
Or where of old, in lonely cell,
The musing druid wont to dwell :
Or with the sacred sisters roam,
Near holy Melrose' ruin'd dome :
There are who paint with all their might
The fields where Fortha's streams delight ;
That winding through Stirlina's plain,
Roll beauteous to the distant main :
Or, faithful to the farmer's toil,
Extol fair Lothian's fertile soil ;
Where Ceres her best gifts bestows,
And Edin town her structures shows.
Nor me delight those silvan scenes,
Those chequer'd bowers and winding greens ;
Where art and nature join to yield
Unnumber'd sweets to Marlefield :
Nor yet that soft and secret shade,
Where fair Aboyn asleep is laid ;
Where gay in sprightly dance no more
She dreams her former triumphs o'er.
These scenes can best entice my soul,
Where smooth Blancatrina's waters roll :
Where beauteous Hume in smiling hour,
Plucks the green herb or rising flower ;
Pleased on the borders to behold
The apple redden into gold.

But whate'er place thy presence boast,
Let not, O Stair! an hour be lost.

When the rough North and angry storm-
Nature's lovely looks deform ;
The South restores the wonted grace,
And wipes the clouds from heaven's face,
So thou to finish all thy care,
The flask of brisk Champagne prepare ;
Invite thy friends, with wise design,
And wash the ills of life with wine :
Whether beneath the open sky,
Stretch'd in the tented couch to lie,
Thy fate ordains ; to shine again
Great on some future Blenheim's plain ;
Higher to raise thy deathless name
Triumphant to sublimer fame :
Or, if secure from feverish heat,
Newliston cover thy retreat,
Where wit conspires with love's delights
To grace thy days and bless thy nights,
When Fergus led, in days of yore,
His exiled bands to Scotia's shore ;
The godlike founder of our state,
Sustain'd the shocks of adverse fate :
Yet brave, disdaining to repine,
Around his brows he bound the vine :
Let's follow still without delay
Wherever Fortune shows the way ;
Courage, my lads, let none despair,
When Fergus leads, 'tis base to fear ;
With better auspice shall arise
Our empire in the northern skies ;
Beauty and valour shall adorn
Our happy offspring yet unborn :
Now fill the glass, come fill again,
To-morrow we shall cross the main.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XI.

To Miss Erskine.

INQUIRE not, E—— fair, what end
The gods for thee or me intend;
How vain the search, that but bestows
The knowledge of our future woes!
Far happier they who ne'er repine
To draw the lots their fates assign;
Then be advised, and try not thou
What spells and cunning men can do.
In mirth thy present years employ,
And consecrate thy charms to joy;
Whether the fates to thy old score
Propitious add a winter more;
Or this shall lay thee cold in earth,
Now raging o'er Edina's frith.
Let youth, while yet it blooms, excite
To mirth, and wit, and gay delight;
Nor thou refuse the voice that calls
To visits and to sprightly balls.
For Time rides ever on the post,
E'en while we speak the moment's lost.
Then call each joy in to this day,
And spend them now, while now you may;
Have every pleasure at command;
Fools let them lie in Fortune's hand.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

To B—— S——.

THE man sincere and pure of ill,
Needs not with shafts his quiver fill,
Nor point the venom'd dart;
O'er him no weapon can prevail,
Clad in the firmest coat of mail,
A brave and honest heart.

Secure in innocence he goes
Through boiling friths and highland snows;
Or if his course he guide,
To where far famed Lochleven's wave
Does, round his islands winding, lave
Buchanan's hilly side.

For in Glentannar, as I stood
And sung my Erskine to the wood,
Unheeding of my way;
My every care forsook behind,
While all on Erskine ran my mind,
It chanced my steps to stray—

When, lo! forth rushing from behind
A savage wolf of monstrous kind,
Fierce shook his horrid head:
Unarm'd I stood, and void of fear
Beheld the monstrous savage near,
And me, unarm'd, he fled.

A beast of such portentous size,
Such hideous tusks and glaring eyes,
Fierce Daunia never bred;
Nor Juba's land, without control,
Where angry lions darkling howl,
His equal ever fed.

Place me where the summer breeze
Does ne'er refresh the weary trees,
All on the gloomy plain,
Which side of earth, offended Heaven
To the dominion foul has given,
Of clouds and beating rain.

Place me underneath the day,
Near neighbour to the burning ray;
Yet there the maid shall move;
There, present to my fancy's eyes,
Sweet smiling Erskine will I prize,
Sweet speaking Erskine love.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXIII.

To Miss B—.

TELL me, Maria, tell me why
Thou dost from him that loves thee run ;
Why from his fond embraces fly,
And every soft endearment shun?

So through the rocks, or dewy lawn,
With plaintive cries, its dam to find,
Flies wing'd with fears the youngling fawn,
And trembles at each breath of wind.

Ah! stop thy flight, why shouldst thou fly ?
What canst thou in a lover fear?
No angry boar, nor lion I,
Pursue thy tender limbs to tear.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy ;
But haste all rivals to outshine,
And, grown mature and ripe for joy,
Leave mamma's arms, and come to mine.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXIV.

To a young Lady on the Death of her Father.

WHAT measure shall affliction know?
 What bounds be set to such a woe,
 That weeps the loss of one so dear!
 Come, Muse of mourning! haste, ordain
 The sacred melancholy strain:
 When virtue bids, 'tis impious to forbear.

Thy voice, with powerful blessings fraught,
 Inspires the solemn serious thought;
 A heavenly sorrow's healing art,
 That, whilst it wounds, amends the heart.
 A far more pleasing rapture thine,
 When bending over Friendship's shrine,
 Than Mirth's fantastic varied lay,
 Deceitful, idle, fluttering, vain,
 Still shifting betwixt joy and pain,
 Where sport the wanton, or where feast the gay.

In dust the good and friendly lies.
 Must endless slumber seal those eyes?——
 Oh! when shall modest Worth again,
 Integrity, that knows no stain,
 Thy sister, Justice, free from blame,
 Kind Truth, no false affected name,
 To meet in social union, find
 So plain, so upright, and so chaste a mind?

By many good bewail'd, he's lost;
 By thee, O beauteous virgin! most:
 Thou claim'st, ah, pious! ah, in vain!
Thy father from the grave again.

What though thou boast each soul-subduing art,
That rules the movements of the human heart;
Though thine be every potent charm,
The rage of envy to disarm :
Thus far Heaven grants, the great reward
Of beauty, under Virtue's guard :
Yet all in vain ascends thy pious prayer,
To bid the' impartial Power one moment spare ;
That Power who chastens whom he dearest loves,
Deaf to the filial sorrows he approves ;
Seal'd sacred by the' inviolable fates,
Unlocks no more the adamantine gates,
When once the' ethereal breath has wing'd its way,
And left behind its load of mortal clay.

Severe indeed ! yet cease the duteous tear :
 'Tis Nature's voice that calls aloud, ' Forbear.'
 See, see descending to thy aid,
 Patience, fair celestial maid ! [ray,
 She strikes through life's dark gloom a brightening
 And smiles Adversity away :
 White-handed Hope advances in her train,
 Leads to new life, and wakens joy again ;
 She renders light the weight of human woes,
 And teaches to submit when 'tis a crime to oppose.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXXII.

To his Lyre.

If e'er with thee we fool'd away,
Vacant beneath the shade, a day,
Still kind to our desire;
A Scottish song we now implore,
To live this year, and some few more;
Come then, my Scottish Lyre.

First strung by Stewart's cunning hand,
Who ruled fair Scotia's happy land,
A long and wide domain :
Who bold in war, yet whether he
Relieved his wave-beat ship from sea,
Or camp'd upon the plain,

The joys of wine, and Muses young,
Soft Beauty and her page he sung,
That still to her adheres :
Margaret, author of his sighs,
Adorn'd with comely coal-black eyes,
And comely coal-black hairs.

O Thou, the grace of song and love,
Exalted to the feasts above,
The feast's supreme delight :
Sweet balm to heal our cares below ;
Gracious on me thy aid bestow,
If thee I seek aright.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXXIII.

To a Gentleman in Love.

WHY dost thou still in tears complain,
Too mindful of thy love's disdain?
Why still in melancholy verse
Unmeek Maria's hate rehearse,
That Thirsis finds by Fate's decree
More favour in her sight than thee?
The love of Cyrus does enthrall
Lycoris fair, with forehead small;
Cyrus declines to Pholoe's eyes,
Who unrelenting hears his sighs:
But wolves and lambs shall sooner join
Than they in mutual faith combine.
So seemeth good to Love, who binds
Unequal forms, unequal minds,
Cruel in his brazen yoke,
Pleased with too severe a joke.
Myself, in youth's more joyous reign,
My laundress held in pleasing chain;
When pliable to love's delights
My age excused the poet's flights:
More wrathful she than storms that roar
Along the Solway's crooked shore.

HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE IV.

To the E—— M—— of S——D'.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.—

Avow, my noble friend, thy kind desires,
 If Phillis' gentle form thy breast inspires,
 Nor glory, nor can reason disapprove;
 What though unknown her humble name,
 Unchronicled in records old,
 Or tale by flattering poets told:
 She to her beauties owes her noblest fame,
 Her noblest honours to thy love.

Know Cupid scorns the trophied shield,
 Vain triumph of some guilty field,
 Where dragons hiss and lions roar,
 Blazon'd with argent and with or;
 His heraldry is hearts for hearts,
 He stamps himself o'er all, and dignifies his darts.

Smote by a simple village maid,
 See noble Petrarch night and day
 Pour his soft sorrows through the shade;
 Nor could the Muse his pains allay:
 What though with hands pontific crown'd,
 With all the scarlet senate round,
 He saw his brows adorn the living ray;

¹ Earl Marshal of Scotland. See Beaton Political Index, circa 1750.

Though sighing virgins tried each winning art,
To cure their gentle poet's lovesick heart,
 Cupid more powerful than they all,
 Resolved his tuneful captive to enthrall,
Subdued him with a shepherdess's look;
He wreaths his verdant honours round her crook,
 And taught Valclusa's smiling groves
To wear the sable liveries of his loves.

But this example scarce can move thy mind,
The gentle power with verse was ever join'd:
 Then hear, my lord, a dreadful tale,
Not known in fair Arcadia's peaceful vale,
 Nor in the Academic grove,
Where mild Philosophy might dwell with Love;
 But poring o'er the mystic page,
 Of old Stagira's wondrous sage,
In the dark cave of syllogistic doubt,
 Where neither Muse, nor beauty's Queen,
 Nor wandering Grace was ever seen,
 Love found his destined victim out,
And put the rude militia all to rout:
For whilst poor Abelard, ah! soon decreed,
 Love's richest sacrifice, to bleed,
Unweeting drew the argumental thread,
A finer net the son of Venus spread:
 Involving in his ample category,
 With all his musty schoolmen round,
 The' unhappy youth, alike renown'd
In philosophic and in amorous story.

 Inflexible and stern the Czar,
 Amidst the iron sons of war,
With dangers and distress encompass'd round,
In his large bosom deep received the wound.

No Venus she, surrounded by the Loves,
Nor drawn by cooing harness'd doves;
'Twas the caprice of Love to yoke
Two daring souls, unharness'd and unbroke.

When now the many-laurel'd Swede,
The field of death his noblest triumph fled,
And forced by fate, but unsubdued of soul,
To the fell victor left the conquest of the pole.

Henry, a monarch to thy heart,
In action brave, in council wise,
Felt in his breast the fatal dart, [eyes;
Shot from two snowy breasts, and two fair lovely
Though Gallia wept, though Sully frown'd,
Though raged the impious league around,
The little urchin entrance found,
And to his haughty purpose forced to yield
The virtuous conqueror of Coutra's field.

Who knows but some four-tail'd bashaw
May hail thee, peer, his son-in-law,
Some bright sultana, Asia's pride,
Was grandame to the beauteous bride :
For sure a girl so sweet, so kind,
Such a sincere and lovely mind,
Where each exalted virtue shines,
Could never spring from vulgar loins.
No, no, some chief of great Arsaces' line,
Has form'd her lineaments divine;
Who Rome's imperial fasces broke,
And spurn'd the nation's galling yoke,
Though now, oh! sad reverse of fate,
The former lustre of her royal state,
She sees injurious Time deface,
And weeps the ravish'd sceptres of her race.

Her melting eye, and slender waist
 Fair tapering from the swelling breast,
 All Nature's charms, all Nature's pride,
 Whate'er they show, whate'er they hide,
 I own.—But swear by bright Apollo,
 Whose priest I am, nought, nought can follow;
 Suspect not thou a poet's praise,
 Unhurt I hear, uninjured gaze :
 Alas! such badinage but ill would suit
 A married man, and forty years to boot,

HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

To the Earl of ~~St~~——t¹.

EASE from the gods the sailor prays,
 O'ertaken in the' Ægean seas,
 When storms begin to roar;
 When clouds wrap up the moon from sight,
 Nor shine the stars with certain light
 To guide him safe to shore.

Ease, fierce the Russian in war's trade;
 Ease, graceful in his Tartan Plaid,
 The Highlander demands,
 M——t, not to be bought or sold,
 For purple, precious gems, or gold,
 Or wide and large command.

¹ Probably Marchmont.

For nor can wealth, nor golden mace
Borne high before the great in place,
 Make cares stand out of the way ;
The anxious tumults of the mind,
That round the palace unconfined
 Still roam by night and day.

Rich he lives on small, whose board
Shines with frugal affluence stored,
 The wealth his sire possess'd ;
Nor fear to lose creates him pain ;
Nor sordid love of greater gain
 Can break his easy rest.

Why do we draw too strong the bow,
Beyond our end our hopes to throw,
 For warm with other suns
Why change our clime? to ease his toil,
What exile from his native soil
 From self an exile runs?

For vicious care the ship ascends,
On the wayfaring troop attends
 First of the company :
Swifter than harts that seek the floods,
Swifter than roll wind-driven clouds
 Along the middle sky.

Glad in the present hour, a mind
Disdains the care beyond, assign'd
 To all content at heart ;
Tempers of life the bitter cup,
With sweetening mirth, and drinks it up,
 None bless'd in every part.

Dwindled thy sire in slow old age,
Young K——m from off this stage

Was ravish'd in his prime :
The hour perhaps, benign to me,
Will grant what it denies to thee,
And lengthen out my time.

A numerous herd thy valleys fills,
The cattle on a thousand hills
That low around are thine :
The well pair'd mares thy gilded car
Draw through the streets, thyself from far,
In richest silks to shine,

Conspicuous seen. To me my fate,
Not much to blame, a small estate,
Of rural acres few :
A slender portion of the Muse
Bounteous besides, the Grace allows,
To scorn the' ill thinking crew.

HORACE.

BOOK IV. ODE I.

VENUS! call'st thou once more to arms?
Sound'st thou once more thy dire alarms?
Annoy'st my peaceful state again?—
Oh, faith of treaties sworn in vain!
Seal'd with the signet of thy doves,
And ratified by all the Loves.
Spare, goddess! I implore, implore!
Alas! thy suppliant is no more

What once he was in happier time
(Illustrated by many a rhyme),
When, skill'd in every ruling art,
Good A****s sway'd his yielding heart :
Love's champion then, and known to fame,
He boasted no inglorious name.
Now, cruel mother of desires !
That doubts and anxious joys inspires,
Ah why, so long disused, again
Leviest thou thy dreadful train ;
That, when in daring fights he toil'd,
So oft his youthful ardour foil'd ?
Oh ! let thy hostile fury cease,
Thy faithful veteran rest in peace,
In the laborious service worn,
His arms decay'd, and ensigns torn.

Go, go, swan-wing'd, through liquid air,
Where the bland breath of youthful prayer
Recalls thee from the long delay,
And, weeping, chides thee for thy stay.
My lowly roof, that knows no state,
Can't entertain a guest so great :
In P*****th's dome, majestic queen,
With better grace thou shalt be seen,
If, worthy of the Cyprian dart,
Thou seek'st to pierce a lovely heart :
For he to noble birth has join'd
A graceful form and gentle mind ;
And to subdue a virgin breast
The youth with thousand arts is bless'd ;
Nor silent in his country's cause,
The anxious guardian of her laws.
He, in thy noblest warfare tried,
Shall spread thy empire far and wide ;

Confirm the glories of thy reign ;
 And not a glance shall fall in vain.
 Then, when each rival shall submit
 The prize of beauty and of wit,
 And riches yield to fair desert
 The triumph of a female heart ;
 Grateful thy marble form shall stand,
 Fair breathing from the sculptor's hand,
 Below the temple's pillar'd pride,
 Fast by a sacred fountain's side.
 Where Tweed sports round each winding maze,
 There song shall warble, incense blaze ;
 Nor dumb shall rest the silver lyre,
 To animate the festive choir.
 There twice a day fond boys shall come,
 And tender virgins in their bloom,
 (With fearful awe and infant shame)
 To call upon thy hallow'd name,
 As thrice about the wanton round
 With snowy feet they lightly bound.
 — For me no beauty now invites,
 Long recreant to the soft delights :
 Lost to the charming arts that move,
 Ah, dare I hope a mutual love ?
 The fond belief of pleasing pain
 That hopes, fears, doubts, and hopes again ?
 No wreaths upon my forehead bloom,
 Where flowers their vernal souls consume.
 Nor more the reigning toast I claim :
 I yield the fierce contended name,
 Though daring once to drink all up,
 While Bacchus could supply the cup.
 ' Farewell, delusive, idle power !
 Welcome, contemplation's hour.

Now, now I search, neglected long,
The charms that lie in moral song,
How to assuage the boiling blood,
The lessons of the wise and good ;
Now with fraternal sorrows mourn ;
Now pour the tear o'er friendship's urn :
Or higher raise the wish refined,
The generous prayer for humankind ;
Or, anxious for my Britain's fate,
To Freedom beg a longer date,
To calm her more than civil rage,
And spare her yet one other age ;
These, these the labours I pursue :
Fantastic Love ! a long adieu.'

— Yet why, O beauteous ***** , why
Heaves the long forgotten sigh ?
Why down my cheeks, when you appear,
Steals drop by drop the' unbidden tear ?
Once skill'd to breathe the anxious vow,
Why fails my tongue its master now ;
And, faltering, dubious strives in vain
The tender meaning to explain ?
Why, in the visions of the night,
Rises thy image to my sight ?
Now seized, thy much loved form I hold,
Now lose again the transient fold ;
Unequal, panting far behind,
Pursue thee fleeter than the wind,
Whether the dear delusion strays
Through fair Hope Park's enchanting maze,
Or where thy cruel phantom glides
Along the swiftly running tides.

PART OF EPISTLE XI.

OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

WHEN through the world Fate led the destined
way,

Tell me, my Mitchell, in the broad survey,
What country pleased thy roving fancy most?
Say, wast thou smit with Baia's sunny coast?
Or wish'd thou rather weary to repose
In some cool vale where peaceful Arno flows?
Or in Ombrosa dream the lonely hour, [bower;
Where high-arch'd hills the' Etrurian shades im-
Where Plenty pours her golden gifts in vain,
That dubious swell for Carlos or Lorrain?
Or charm'd thee more the happy viny plains,
And lofty towers, where mighty Louis reigns?
Say, is it true what travellers report
Of glories shining in the Gallic court?
Or, do they all, though e'er so pompous, yield
To the thatch'd cottage in thy native field?

But hark, methinks I hear thee anxious say,
That thou at Palestine wouldst choose to stay.
Yes, Palestine; I know the place full well,
Where holy dotards riot in each cell,
The hapless peasant pines with want and sorrow,
And all unpeopled as a royal borough:
Yet there for ever would thy friend remain,
Rather than change once more the frantic scene,
And distant hear the rollings of the main;
Unenvied, calm, enjoy a peaceful lot,
My friends remembering, nor by them forgot.

HORACE.

BOOK I. EPISTLE XVIII.

DEAR Ramsay, if I know thy soul aright,
Plain dealing honesty's thy dear delight:
Not great, but candid born; not rich, but free;
Thinks kings most wretched, and most happy me:
Thy tongue untaught to lie, thy knee to bend,
I fear no flatterer where I wish a friend.
As the chaste matron's tender look and kind,
Where sits the soul to speak the yearning mind,
From the false colouring of the wanton shows
The' unhallow'd roses and polluted snows,
A glare of beauty, nauseous to the sight,
Gross but to feed desire, not raise delight:
So differs far, in value, use, and end,
The praising foe from the reproving friend.
Such distance lies between, nay greater far,
Who bears an honest heart or bears a star.
A fault there is, but of another sort,
That aims by nastiness to make its court;
By downright rudeness would attempt to please,
And sticks his friendship on your lips in grease:
With him (for such were Sparta's rigid rules)
All the polite are knaves; the cleanly, fools;
Good humour for impertinence prevails;
So strangely honest—he'll not pair his nails.
Know, virtuous sir, if not indeed a slave,
Yet, sordid as the thing, thou art a knave;

Virtue, its own and every plain man's guide,
Serenely walks, with vice on every side,
Keeps its own course, to its own point does bend,
To follies deaf, that call from either end.
This simple maxim should a statesman doubt,
Two characters shall make it plainly out:
The first is his (the opposite of proud),
By far more humble than a Christian should,
Pursues, distasteful of plain sober cheer,
The' inhospitable dinner of a peer;
Usurps, without the task of saying grace,
The poor starved chaplain's perquisites and place;
To vice gives virtue, to old age gives youth;
So well bred he,—he never spoke one truth:
With watchful eyes sits full against my lord,
And catches, as it falls, each heavy word;
That, echo'd back, and sent from lungs more able,
Assumes new force, and bandies round the table.
All stare: 'Was ever thing so pretty spoke?'
You'd almost swear it was his grace's joke.
Yet such as these divide the great man's store,
And flatter out the friendless and the poor.

Nor less the fool our censurè must engage,
Whom every trifle rouses into rage.
He arms for all, so fierce the wordy war,
Labeo far less tenacious at the bar;
Words heap'd on words so fast together drive,
Like clustering bees that darken from the hive,
He fights, alas! what mortal dares confute him?
With tongue, hand, eyes, and every inch about
him.

Deny me this; ah! rather than comply
A thing so plain—I'd sooner starve or die.

The vicious man, though in the worst degree,
His neighbour thinks more vicious still than he.
Is there whom lawless love should bring to gal-
 lows? [lows!]

But, above all, the rogue of wealth exclaims,
And calls the poorer sinner filthy names ;
Though his foul soul, discolour'd all within,
Has deeper drank the tincture of each sin ;

Or else advises, as the mother sage
Rebukes the hopes and torment of her age,
(And, faith, though insolent of wealth, in this
Methinks, good friend, he talks not much amiss):
'Yield, yield, O fool! to my superior merit:
Without a sixpence thou, and sin with spirit!
For me those high adventures kept by fate;
For crimes look graceful with a large estate:
Then cease, vain madman, and contend no more;
Heaven meant thee virtuous when it made thee
poor.'

But crimes like these to gold we can forgive;
What boots it how they die or how they live?
Then weep, my friend, when wicked wealth you
find,

To change the species of the virtuous mind.
You've doubtless heard how 'twas a statesman's
way,

Whene'er he would oblige, that is, betray,
Invited first the destined prey to dine,
Then whisper'd in his ear, 'You must be fine:
Fine clothes, gay equipage, a splendid board,
Give youth a lustre, and become a lord.
Why loiter meanly in paternal grounds,
To neighbours owe thy ease, thy health to hounds?
Go roam about in gilded chariot hurl'd;
Make friends of strangers, child, and learn the
world:

These kind instructors teach you best of any,
The wise Sir William, and the good Lord Fanny.'
Guiltless he hears of pension and of place,
Then sinks in honour as he swells in lace;
Each hardy virtue yields, and, day by day,
Melts in the sunshine of a court away.

At first (not every manly thought resign'd)
He wonders why he dares not tell his mind ;
Feels the last footsteps of retiring grace,
And virtuous blushes lingering on his face :
The artful tempter plies the slavish hour,
And works the gudgeon now within his power ;
Then tips his fellow statesman, ' He'll assume
New modes of thinking in the Drawingroom ;
See idle dreams of greatness strike his eyes,
See pensions, ribbons, coronets, arise.
The man, whom labour only could delight,
Shall loiter all the day, and feast all night :
Who, mild, did once the kindest nature boast,
Unmoved shall riot at the orphan's cost ;
To pleasures vile, that health and fame destroy,
Yield the domestic charm, the social joy.
See, charm'd no more with Maro's rural page,
He slumbers over Lucan's freeborn rage.
Each action in inverted lights is seen ;
Meanness, frugality ; and freedom, spleen ;
How foolish Cato ! Cæsar how divine !
In spite of Tully, friend to Catiline.'
Thus to each fair idea long unknown,
The slave of each man's vices and his own,
Enroll'd a member of the hireling tribe,
He towers to villany's last act, a bribe ;
And turns, to make his ruin'd fortunes clear,
Or gamester, bully, jobber, pimp, or peer ;
Till, late refracted through a purer air,
The beams of royal favour fall elsewhere :
Lo, vile, obscure, he ends his bustling day,
All stain'd the lustre of his orient ray ;
And envies, poor, unpitied, scorn'd by all,
Marchmont the glories of a generous fall.

Such sad examples can this land afford ?

Why 'tis the history of many a Lord !

But you, perhaps, think odd whate'er I say ;

Yet drink with such originals each day.

Then censure we no more, too daring friend,

Whom Scandalum Magnatum may offend.

How poor a figure should a poet make,

Taken into custody for scribbling's sake ?

Ah, how (you know the Muses never pay)

With all his verses earn five pounds a day ?

Leave we to Pope each knave of high degree,

Sing we such rules as suit or you or me.

Then, first, into no other's secrets pry :

To such be deaf your ear, be blind your eye :

Of these, unask'd, why should you claim a share ?

But keep those safe entrusted to your care :

For this, beware the cunning low design,

That takes advantage of your rage or wine ;

For rage no pause of cooler thought affords,

Is rash, intemperate, headlong in its words.

Lock fast your lips ; then guard whate'er you say,

Lest in the fit of passion you betray ;

And dread the wretch, who boasts the fatal power

To cheat in friendship's unsuspecting hour !

There is a certain pleasing force that binds,

Faster than chains do slaves, two willing minds.

Tempers opposed each may itself control,

And melt two varying natures in one soul.

This made two brothers' different humours hit,

Though one had probity, and one had wit :

Of sober manners this and plain good sense,

Avoided cards, wine, company, expense ;

Safe from the tempting fatal sex withdrew,

Nor made advances further than a bow.

A different train of life his twin pursues;
Loved pictures, books, (nay authors write) the
stews,

A mistress, opera, play, each darling theme;
To scribble, above all, his joy supreme.
Must these two brothers always meet to scold,
Or quarrel, like to Jove's famed twins of old?
Each yielding, mutual, could each other please,
And drew life's yoke with tolerable ease:
This, thinking mirth not always in the wrong,
Would sometimes condescend to hear a song;
And that, fatigued with his exalted fits,
His beauties, gewgaws, whirligigs, and wits,
Would leave them all, far happier to regale
With prose and friendship o'er a pot of ale.
Then to thy friend's opinion sometimes yield,
And seem to lose, although thou gain'st the field;
Nor, proud that thy superior sense be shown,
Rail at his studies, and extol your own.

For when Aurora weeps the balmy dew,
(And dreams, as reverend dreamers tell, are true)
Sir George my shoulder slaps, just in the time
When some rebellious word consents to rhyme;
Sudden my verses take the rude alarm,
New-coin'd, and from the mint of fancy warm;
I start, I stare, I question with my eyes:—
At once the whole poetic vision flies.
'Up, up (exclaims the Knight); the season fair;
See how serene the sky, how calm the air;
Hark! from the hills the cheerful horns rebound,
And Echo propagates the jovial sound;
The certain hound in thought his prey pursues,
The scent lies warm, and loads the tainted dews.'

I quit my couch, and cheerfully obey,
Content to let the younker have his way;
I mount my courser, fleetier than the wind,
And leave the rage of poetry behind :
But when, the day in healthful labour lost,
We eat our supper earn'd at common cost;
When each frank tongue speaks out without con-
trol,

And the free heart expatiates o'er the bowl;
Though all love prose, my poetry finds grace,
And, pleased, I chant the glories of the chase.

Of old, when Scotia's sons for empire fought,
Ere avarice had debased each generous thought,
Ere yet, each manlier exercise forgot,
One half had learn'd to dose, one half to vote,
Each hardy toil confirm'd their dawning age,
And mimic fights inspired to martial rage ;
'Twas theirs with certain speed the dart to send,
With youthful force the stubborn yew to bend ;
O'ercame with early arm the fiercest floods,
Or ranged midst chilling snows the pathless
woods;

Toil'd for the savage boar on which they fed :
'Twas thus the chief of Bannockburn was bred :
That gave (not polish'd then below mankind)
Strength to the limbs, and vigour to the mind.
The smiling dame, in those victorious days,
Was woo'd by valour, not seduced by praise ;
Who ne'er did fears, but for her country, feel ;
And never saw her lover, but in steel ;
Could make a Douglas' stubborn bosom yield,
And send her hero raging to the field :
Heard kind the honest warrior's one-tongued vow,
Pleased with a genuine heart, as H*** is now.

How would the generous lass detest to see
An essenced fopling puling o'er his tea;
Ah how, distasteful of the mimic show,
Disdain the false appearance, as a foe !
To greet, unfolding every social charm,
Her soldier from the field of glory warm.

But now, alas ! these generous aims are o'er;
Each foe insults, and Britain fights no more.
Yet humbler tasks may claim the patriot's toil :
Who aids her laws no more, may mend her soil.
Since to be happy man must ne'er be still,
The' internal void let peaceful labours fill ;
When kind amusements hours of fame employ,
The working mind subsides to sober joy :
Behold, in fair autumnal honours spread,
The wheaten garland wreath the laurel'd head ;
Where stagnant waves did in dull lakes appear,
Rich harvests wave, the bounty of the year ;
In barren heaths, where Summer never smiled,
The rural city rises o'er the wild ;
Along the cool canal, or shooting grove,
Disport the sons of mirth and gamesome love.

It now remains I counsel, if indeed
My counsel, friend, can stand thee aught in stead.
Judge well of whom you speak ; nor will you find
It always safe to tell each man your mind.
E'en honesty regard to safety owes ;
Nor need it publish all it thinks and knows.
The' eternal questioner shun : a certain rule,
There is no blab like to the questioning fool ;
E'en scarce before you turn yourself about,
Whate'er he hears his leaky tongue runs out ;
The word elanced no longer we control,
Once sallied forth, it bursts from pole to pole.

Guard well your heart, ah! still be beauty-proof
Beneath fair friendship's venerable roof!
What though she shines the brightest of the fair,
A form e'en such as Wallace self might wear!
What though no rocks nor marble arm her breast,
A yielding Helen to her Trojan guest,
The dangerous combat fly: why wouldst thou gain
A shameful conquest won by years of pain?
For know, the short-lived guilty rapture pass'd,
Reflection comes, a dreadful judge, at last:
'Tis that avenges (such its pointed stings)
The poor man's cause on statesmen and on kings.

To praise aright, is sure no easy art;
Yet prudence here directs the wise man's part.
Let long experience then confirm the friend,
Dive to his depth of soul ere you commend.
Should you extol the fool but slightly known,
Guiltless you blush for follies not your own.
Alas! we err: for villains can betray,
And gold corrupt the saint of yesterday.
Then yield, convicted by the public voice,
And frankly own the weakness of your choice;
So greater credit shall your judgment gain,
When you defend the worth that knaves arraign;
Whose soul secure, confiding in your aid,
Hopes the kind shelter of your friendly shade;
When envy on his spotless name shall fall
Whose venom'd tooth corrupts and blackens all;
This mutual help the kindred virtues claim;
For calumny eats on from fame to fame.
When o'er thy neighbour's roof the flames aspire,
Say, claims it not thy care to quench the fire?
When envy rages, small the space betwixt,
In worth allied, thy character is next.

Fired at the first with what the great impart,
Frank we give way, and yield up all the heart.
How sweet the converse of the potent friend!
How charming when the mighty condescend!
The smile so affable, the courtly word!—
And, as we would a mistress, trust a lord.
The' experienced dread the cheat; with prudent
care

Distrust alike the powerful and the fair.
Thou, when thy vessel flies before the wind,
Think on the peaceful port thou left behind;
Though all serene, yet bear an humble sail,
Lest veering greatness shift the treacherous gale.
How various, man! yet such are Nature's laws,
With powerful force each different humour draws:
The grave the cheerful hate; these hate the sad;
Your sober wiseman thinks the wit quite mad;
He, happy too in wit's inverted rule,
Thinks every sober wiseman more than fool;
Whose active mind from toil to toil can run,
And join the rising to the setting sun,
Like Philip's son for fame, pursuing gains
While yet one penny unsubdued remains;
Admires how lovers waste the' inactive day,
Sigh, midst the fair, their gentle souls away.
The tuneful bard, who boasts his varied strains,
Shares with the lark the glory of the plains,
Whose life the' impression of no sorrow knows,
So smoothly calm, he scarcely feels it flows.
In vocal woods each fond conceit pursues,
Pleased with the gingling bauble of a muse,
Pities the toiling madman's airy scheme,
When greatness sickens o'er the' ambitious
dream;

Each boon companion, who the night prolongs
In noise and rapture, festivals and songs,
Condemns the graver mortal for an ass,
Who dares refuse his bumper and his lass ;
Still urging on, what boots it that you swear
You dread the vapours and nocturnal air ;
Yet grant a little to the social vine,
Full on the friend with cloudless visage shine,
Oft sullen silence speaks a want of sense,
Or folly lurks beneath the wise pretence.
Is there severe, who balks the genial hour ?
He's not so sober, were he not so sour.

But above all, I charge thee o'er and o'er,
Fair Peace through all her secret haunts explore ;

Consult the learn'd in life (these best advise),
The good in this, more knowing than the wise ;
Their sacred science learn, and what the art
To guard the sallies of the' impetuous heart ;
With temper due the' internal poise to keep,
Not soaring impudent, nor servile creep ;
How sure thyself, thy friends, thy god to please,
Firm health without, within unshaken peace ;
Lest keen desire, still making new demands,
Should raise new foes unnumber'd on thy hands :
Or hope, or fear inspire the' unmanly groan,
For things of little use, perhaps of none :
Who best can purchase Virtue's righteous dower,
The sage with wisdom, or the king with power :
Or if the mighty blessing stands confined,
To the chaste nature and the heaven-taught mind :
And chief the' important lesson wise attend,
What makes thee to thyself thyself's best friend :

If gold a pure tranquillity bestows,
Or greatness can insure a night's repose ;
Or must we seek it in the secret road
That leads through virtue to the peaceful God ;
A shaded walk, where, separate from the throng,
We steal through life all unperceived along.

For me, afraid of life's tempestuous gale,
I make to port, and crowd on all my sail.
Soon may the peaceful grove and shelter'd seat
Receive me weary in the kind retreat ;
Bless'd if my **** be the destined shade,
Where childhood sported, of no ills afraid,
Ere youth full grown its daring wing display'd.
That often cross'd by life's intestine war,
Foresaw that day of triumph from afar,
When warring passions, mingling in the fray,
Had drawn the youthful wanderer from his way :
But recollecting the short error mourn'd,
And duteous to the warning voice return'd.
No more the passions hurrying into strife,
My soul enjoys the gentler calms of life.
Like Tityrus, bless'd among the rural shades,
Whose hallow'd round no guilty wish invades ;
No joy tumultuous, no depressing care ;
All that I want is Amaryllis there ;
Where silver Forth each fair meander leads
Through breathing harvests and empurpled meads ;
Whose russet swains enjoy the golden dream,
And thankful bless the plenty-giving stream.
There youth, convinced, foregoes each daring
And settling manhood takes a surer aim ; [claim,
Till age accomplish late the fair design,
And calm possess the good, if age be mine,

What think'st thou, then, my friend, shall be my
cares,

My daily studies, and my nightly prayers?
Of the propitious Power, this boon I crave,
Still to preserve the little that I have;
Nor yet repugnance at the lot express,
Should Fate decree that little to be less;
That what remains of life to Heaven I live,
If life indeed has any time to give:
Or if the fugitive will no longer stay,
To part as friends should do, and slip away:
Thankful to Heaven, or for the good supplied,
To Heaven submissive for the good denied,
Renounce the household charm, a bliss divine!
Heaven never meant for me, and I resign:
In other joys the' allotted hours improve,
And gain in friendship what was lost in love:
Some comfort snatch'd, as each vain year re-
turn'd,

When nature suffer'd, or when friendship mourn'd,
Of all that stock so fatally bereft,
Once youth's proud boast, alas! the little left;
These friends, in youth beloved, in manhood tried,
Age must not change through avarice or pride:
For me let Wisdom's sacred fountain flow,
The cordial draught that sweetens every woe;
Let fortune kind, the *Just Enough* provide,
Nor dubious float on Hope's uncertain tide;
Add thoughts composed, affections ever even.—
Thus far suffices to have ask'd of Heaven,
Who in the dispensations of a day,
Grants life, grants death; now gives, now takes
away;

To scaffolds oft the ribbon'd spoiler brings ;
Takes power from statesmen, and their thrones
from kings ;
From the unthankful heart the bliss decreed——
But leaves the man of worth still bless'd indeed :
Be life Heaven's gift, be mine the care to find
Still equal to itself the balanced mind ;
Fame, beauty, wealth, forgot, each human toy,
With thoughtful quiet pleased, and virtuous joy ;
In these, and these alone, supremely bless'd,
When fools and madmen scramble for the rest.

TRANSLATIONS.

PINDAR'S OLYMPIA.

ODE I.

WATER, great principle whence nature springs,
The prime of elements, and first of things,
Amidst proud riches' soul-inflaming store,
 As through the night the fiery blaze
 Pours all around the streaming rays,
 Conspicuous glows the golden ore.
But if thee, O my soul, a fond desire
 To sing the contests of the great,
 Calls forth to' awake the' etherial fire.
 What subject worthier of the lyre,
 Olympia's glories to relate!
 Full in the forehead of the sky,
 The sun, the world's bright radiant eye,
 Shines o'er each lesser flame;
 On earth what theme suffices more
 To make the Muses' offspring soar,
 Than the Olympian Victor's fame?
But from the swelling column, where on high
 It peaceful hangs, take down the doric lyre,
If with sweet love of sacred melody
 The steeds of Hiero thy breast inspire.

When borne along the flowery side,
Where smooth Alpheus' waters glide,
Their voluntary virtue flies,
Nor needs the driver's rousing cries,
But rapid seize the dusty space,
To reap the honours of the race,
The merit of their speed ;
And bind with laurel wreath the manly brows
Of him the mighty King of Syracuse,
Delighting in the victor steed.
Far sounds his glory through the winding coast
Of Lydia, where his wandering host
From Elis Pelops led to new abodes ;
There prosper'd in his late-found reign,
Loved by the ruler of the main ;
When at the banquet of the Gods,
In the pure laver of the Fates again,
Clotho, the youth to life renew'd,
With potent charm and mystic strain,
When by his cruel father slain,
With ivory shoulder bright endow'd :
Oft fables with a fond surprise,
When shaded o'er with fair disguise,
The wandering mind detain ;
Deluded by the kind deceit,
We joy more in the skilful cheat
Than in truth's faithful strain.
But chief to verse these wondrous powers belong,
Such grace has Heaven bestow'd on song ;
Bless'd Parent ! from whose loins immortal joys,
To mitigate our pain below,
Softening the anguish of our woe,
Are sprung, the children of its voice :

Song can o'er unbelief itself prevail;
The virtue of its magic art
Can make the most amazing tale
With shafts of eloquence assail,
Victorious, the yielding heart:
But Time on never ceasing wings
Experienced wisdom slowly brings,
And teaches mortal race
Not to blaspheme the Holy One,
That deathless fills the heavenly throne,
Inhabiting eternal space.
Therefore, O son of Tantalus! will I
In other guise thy wondrous tale unfold,
And juster to the Rulers of the sky,
With lips more hallow'd than the bards of old.
For when thy sire the gods above,
To share the kind return of love,
Invited from their native bowers,
To his own loved Sipylion towers,
The trident power, by fierce desire
Subdued, on golden steeds of fire,
Thee bore aloft to Jove on high;
Where since young Ganymede, sweet Phrygian
Succeeded to the ministry of joy, [boy,
And nectar banquet of the sky.
But when no more on earth thy form was seen,
Conspicuous in the walks of men,
Nor yet to sooth thy mother's longing sight,
Thy searching train sent to explore
Thy lurking place, could thee restore,
The weeping fair's supreme delight;
Then Envy's forked tongue began to' infest
And wound thy sire's untainted fame,
That he to each ethereal guest
Had served thee up a horrid feast,

Subdued by force of all-devouring flame;
But the bless'd powers of Heaven to ac-
Far be it from the holy Muse, [cuse,
Of such a feast impure;
Vengeance, protracted for a time,
Still overtakes the slanderer's crime,
At Heaven's slow appointed hour.
Yet certain, if the Power who wide surveys,
From his watch-tower, the earth and seas,
E'er dignified the perishable race;
Him, Tantalus they raised on high,
Him, the chief favourite of the sky,
Exalted to sublimest grace.
But his proud heart was lifted up and vain,
Swell'd with his envied happiness,
Weak and frail his mortal brain,
The lot superior to sustain;
He fell degraded from his bliss.
For on his head the' Almighty Sire,
Potent in his kindled ire,
Hung a rock's monstrous weight:
Too feeble to remove the load,
Fix'd by the sanction of the God,
He wander'd erring from delight.
The watchful synod of the skies decreed
His wasted heart a prey to endless woes,
Condemn'd a weary pilgrimage to lead,
On earth secure, a stranger to repose.
Because, by mad ambition driven,
He robb'd the sacred stores of Heaven:
The' ambrosial vintage of the skies
Became the daring spoiler's prize,
And brought to sons of mortal earth
The banquet of celestial birth,

With endless blessings fraught,
And to his impious revellers pour'd the wine,
Whose precious sweets make bless'd the powers
divine,

Gift of the rich immortal draught.
Foolish the man who hopes his crimes may lie
Unseen by the Supreme all-piercing eye ;
He, high enthroned above all heaven's height,
The works of men with broad survey,
As in the blazing flame of day,
Beholds the secret deeds of night.
Therefore his son the' immortals back again
Sent to these death-obnoxious abodes,
To taste his share of human pain,
Exiled from the celestial reign,
And sweet communion of the gods.

But when the fleecy down began
To clothe his chin, and promise man ;
The shafts of young desire,
And love of the fair female kind,
Inflamed the youthful hero's mind,
And set his amorous soul on fire.
Won by fair Hippodamia's lovely eyes,
The Pisan tyrant's blooming prize,
High in his hopes he purposed to obtain ;
O'ercome her savage sire in arms,
The price of her celestial charms ;
For this the Ruler of the main
Invoking in the dreary solitude,
And secret season of the night ;
Oft, on the margin of the flood
Alone, the raging lover stood,
Till to his long-desiring sight,
From below the sounding deeps,
His scaly herds where Proteus keeps,

The favourite youth to please,
 Dividing swift the hoary stream,
 Refulgent on his golden team, [seas.
 Appear'd the trident-sceptred king of
 To whom the youth—' If e'er with fond delight,
 The gifts of Venus could thy soul inspire,
 Restrain fell CEnemaus' spear in fight;
 And me, who dare adventurous to aspire,
 Me grant, propitious, to succeed,
 Enduing with unrival'd speed
 The flying car, decreed to gain
 The laurel wreath, on Elis' plain,
 Victorious o'er the father's power;
 Who dire, so many hapless lovers slain,
 Does still a maid the wondrous fair detain,
 Protractive of the sweet connubial hour.
 Danger demands a soul secure of dread,
 Equal to the daring deed!
 Since then, the' immutable decrees of Fate,
 Have fix'd, by their vicegerent Death,
 The limits of each mortal breath,
 Doom'd to the urn, or soon or late:
 What mind resolved and brave would sleep away
 His life, when glory warms the blood,
 Only to' enjoy some dull delay,
 Inactive to his dying day,
 Not aiming at the smallest good?
 But the blooming maid inspires
 My breast to far sublimer fires,
 To raise my glory to the skies;
 Gracious, O! favouring power, give ear,
 Indulgent to my vow sincere,
 Prospering the mighty enterprise.'
 So pray'd the boy: nor fell his words in vain,
 Unheeded by the ruler of the main;

A golden car earth's shaking power bestow'd,
And to the glittering axle join'd
Unrival'd steeds, fleet as the wind;
Glad of the present of the god,
The ardent youth demands the promised fight;
In dust the haughty parent laid,
Neptune fulfils the youth's delight,
And wings his chariot's rapid flight,
To win the sweet celestial maid.
She with six sons, a fair increase,
Crown'd the hero's warm embrace,
Whom virtue's love inspired;
Upright to walk in virtue's way,
The surest path to noblest praise,
The noblest praise the youth acquired.
Now by Alpheus' stream, meandering fair,
Whose humid train wide spreads the Pisan plains,
A sepulchre, sublimely rear'd in air,
All, of the mighty man that was, contains.
There frequent in the holy shade
The vows of stranger-chiefs are paid,
And on the sacred altar lies
The victim, smoking to the skies,
When heroes, at the solemn shrine,
Invoke the powers with rites divine,
From every distant soil,
And drive about the consecrated mound
The sounding car, or on the listed ground
Urge the fleet racers, or the wrestlers'toil.
Happy the man whom favouring Fate allows
The wreaths of Pisa to surround his brows;
All wedded to delight, his after-days
In calm and even tenor run,
The noble dower of conquest won,
Such conscious pleasure flows from praise.

Thee, Muse, great Hiero's virtue to prolong
It fits, and to resound his name :
Exalting o'er the vulgar throng,
In thy sweet Eolian song,
His garland of Olympian fame.
Nor shalt thou, O ! my Muse, e'er find
A more sublime or worthier mind,
To better fortunes born :
On whom the gracious love of God,
The regal power has kind bestow'd,
And arts of sway, that power to adorn.
Still may thy God, O potent king ! employ
His sacred ministry of joy,
Solicitous with tutelary care,
To guard from the attacks of Fate
Thy blessings lasting as they are great,
The pious poet's constant prayer.
Then to the mighty bounty of the sky,
The Muse shall add a sweeter lay,
With wing sublime when she shall fly,
Where Cronius rears his cliffs on high,
Smote with the burning shafts of day ;
If the Muses' quiver'd god
Pave for song the even road,
With sacred rapture warm,
A further flight aloft in air
Elanced, shall wing my tuneful spear,
More vigorous from the Muse's arm.
To many heights the daring climber springs,
Ere he the highest top of power shall gain ;
Chief seated there the majesty of kings ;
The rest at different steps below remain :
Exalted to that wondrous height,
To' extend the prospect of delight,

Mayst thou, O Hiero! live content,
On the top of all ascent:
To thee, by bounteous Fates, be given
To' inhabit still thy lofty heaven:
 To me, in arts of peace,
Still to converse with the fair victor host,
For graceful song, an honourable boast,
Conspicuous through the realms of Greece.

PINDAR'S OLYMPIA.

ODE II.



O SOVEREIGN hymns! that powerful reign
 In the harp, your sweet domain;
 Whom will ye choose to raise;
What god shall now the verse resound;
What chief, for godlike deed renown'd,
 Exalt to loftiest praise?
Pisa is Jove's: Jove's conquering son
 First the Olympic race ordain'd:
The first fair fruits of glory won
The haughty tyrant's rage restrain'd.
 He first the wondrous game bestow'd
 When breathing from Augean toils,
 He consecrates the dreadful spoils,
 An offering to his father-god.
Theron, his virtues to approve,
And imitate the seed of Jove,
 The' Olympic laurel claims,
Whose swift-wheel'd car has borne away
The rapid honours of the day,
 Foremost among the victor-names.

Therefore for Theron praise awaits,
For him the lyre awakes the strain,
The stranger welcomed at his gates
With hospitable love humane.
Fix'd on the councils of his breast,
As on the column's lofty height
Remains secure the building's weight,
The structure of his realm may rest.
Of a fair stem, himself a fairer flower,
Who soon transplanted from their native soil,
Wander'd many climates o'er,
Till, after long and various toil,
On the fair river's destined bank they found
Their sacred seat, and heaven-chose ground ;
Where stood delightful to the eye
The fruitful, beauteous Sicily,
And could a numerous issue boast, [coast.
That spread their lustre round, and flourish'd o'er the
The following years all took their silver flight,
With pleasure wing'd and soft delight,
And every year that flew in peace
Brought to their native virtues store
Of wealth and power, a new increase, [more.
Fate still confirm'd the sum, and bounteous added
But, son of Rhe' and Saturn old,
Who dost thy sacred throne uphold
On high Olympus' hill ;
Whose rule the' Olympic race obeys,
Who guidest Alpheus' winding maze,
In hymns delighting still ;
Grant, gracious to the godlike race,
Their children's children to sustain,
Peaceful through Time's ne'er ending space,
The sceptre and paternal reign,

For Time, the aged sire of all,
The deed impatient of delay,
Which the swift hour has wing'd away,
Just or unjust, can ne'er recall.
But when calmer days succeed,
Of fair event, and lovely deed,
Our lot serene at last;
The memory of darker hours,
When Heaven severe and angry lours,
Forgotten lies and past.
Thus mild, and lenient of his frown,
When Jove regards our adverse fate,
And sends his chosen blessings down
To cheer below our mortal state:
Then former evils, odious brood,
Before the heaven-born blessings fly,
Or trodden down subjected lie,
Soon vanquish'd by the victor good.
With thy fair daughters, Cadmus! best agrees
The Muse's song; who, after many woes,
At last on golden thrones of ease
Enjoy an undisturb'd repose.
No more they think of Cadmus, mournful swain!
Succeeding joys dispel his former pain.
And Semele, of rosy hue,
Whom the embracing Thunderer slew,
Exalted now to heaven's abodes, [gods.
Herself a goddess blithe, dwells with immortal
Bathed in the' ambrosial odours of the sky,
Her long dishevel'd tresses fly:
Her, Minerva still approves;
She is her prime and darling joy:
Her heaven's lord supremely loves;
As does his rosy son, the ivy-crowned boy.

Thou, Ino, too! in pearly cells,
Where Nereus' sea-green daughter dwells,
 Enjoy'st a lot divine :
No more of suffering mortal strain,
An azure goddess of the main,
 Eternal rest is thine.
Lost in a maze, blind feeble man
 Knows not the hour he sure foresees,
Nor with the eyes of nature can
 Pierce through the hidden deep decrees.
Nor sees he if his radiant day,
That in meridian splendour glows,
Shall gild his evening's quiet close,
 Soft smiling with a farewell ray.
As when the ocean's reflux tides,
Within his hollow womb subsides,
 Is heard to sound no more ;
Till rousing all its rage again,
Flood roll'd on flood it pours amain,
 And sweeps the sandy shore :
So Fortune, mighty queen of life,
Works up proud man, her destined slave,
Of good and ill the stormy strife,
The sport of her alternate wave ;
 Now, mounted to the height of bliss,
 He seems to mingle with the sky ;
 Now, looking down with giddy eye,
 Sees the retreating waters fly,
 And trembles at the deep abyss.
As, by experience led, the searching mind
Revolves the records of still changing fate,
Such dire reverses shall he find
 Oft mark the fortunes of the great!
Now bounteous gods, with blessings all divine,
 Exalt on high the sceptred line,

Now the bright scene of laurel'd years,
At once quick shifting, disappears :
And in their radiant room succeeds
A dismal train of ills, and tyrannous misdeeds.
Since the cursed hour the fateful son
Plunged in the guilt he sought to shun,
And saw beneath his hasty rage
The hoary king, heaven's victim, bleed ;
Deaf to a father's pleading age,
His erring hands fulfill'd what guilty Fate decreed.

Erynnis, dreadful fury ! saw
The breach of Nature's holiest law,
She mounts her hooked car ;
Through Phocis' death-devoted ground
She flew, and gave the nations round
To the wide waste of war :
By mutual hands the brothers died,
Furious on mutual wounds they run ;
Sons, fathers, swell the sanguine tide ;
Fate drove the purple deluge on.
Thus perish'd all the fated brood,
Thus Eris wrought her dreadful will ;
When sated vengeance had its fill,
Thersander closed the scene of blood.
He, sprung from beauteous Argea, shone
The glory of Adrastus' throne,
When fierce in youthful fire,
He raged around the Theban wall,
And saw the sevenfold city fall

A victim to his sire :
From him, as from a second root,
Wide spreading to the lofty skies,
The sons of martial glory shoot,
And clustering chiefs on chiefs arise.

There, in the topmost boughs display'd,
Great Theron sits with lustre crown'd,
And verdant honours bloom around,
While nations rest beneath his shade.
Awake the lyre! Theron demands the lays;
Yet all too low! Call forth a nobler strain!
Decent is e'en the' excess of praise:
For Theron strike the sounding lyre again.
Olympia's flowering wreath he singly wears;
The Isthmian palm his brother shares.
Delphi resounds the kindred name,
The youths contend alike for fame,
Fair rivals in the glorious chase,
When twelve times darting round, they flew the
giddy space.
Thrice bless'd! for whom the Graces twine
Fame's brightest plume, the wreath divine:
Lost to remembrance, former woes
No more reflection's sting employ;
With triumph all the bosom glows,
Pour'd through the'expanding heart, the' impetuous
Riches, that singly are possess'd, [tide of joy.
Vain pomp of life! a specious waste,
But feed luxurious pride:
Yet when with sacred virtues crown'd,
Wealth deals its liberal treasures round,
'Tis nobly dignified.
To modest worth, to honour's bands,
With conscious warmth he large imparts;
And in his presence smiling stands
Fair Science, and her handmaid, Arts:
As in the pure serene of night,
Throned in its sphere, a beauteous star
Sheds its bless'd influence from afar,
At once beneficent and bright.

But hear, ye wealthy, hear, ye great,
I sing the fix'd decrees of Fate,

What after death remains,
Prepared for the unfeeling kind
Of cruel unrelenting mind,

A doom of endless pains!
The crimes that stain'd this living light,
Beneath the holy eye of Jove,
Meet, in the regions drear of night,
The vengeance but delay'd above.

There the pale sinner drear aghast,
Impartial, righteous, and severe,
Unawed by power, unmoved by prayer,
Eternal justice dooms at last.

Far otherwise, the souls whom virtue guides
Enjoy a calm repose of sacred rest,
Nor light nor shade their time divides,
With one eternal sunshine bless'd.

Emancipated from the cares of life,
No more they urge the mortal strife;
No more, with still revolving toil,
They vex a hard ungrateful soil;
Nor plough the surges of the main,
Exchanging holy quiet for false deceitful gain,
But to these sacred seats preferr'd,
With gods they live, as gods revered,
And tears are wiped from every eye!

While, banish'd from the happy reign,
The guilty souls in darkness lie,
And weary out the frightful ministers of pain,
So Heaven decrees: the good and just,
Who, true to life's important trust,
Have well sustain'd the field;
Whose souls undaunted, undismay'd,
Nor flattering pleasure could persuade,

Nor passions taught to yield;
These through the mortal changes pass'd,
Still listening to the heavenly lore,
Find this sublime reward at last,
The trial of obedience o'er.
Then bursting from the bonds of clay,
Triumphant tread the heaven-paved road
That leads to Saturn's high abode,
And Jove himself directs the way.
There, where the bless'd reside at ease,
Bland zephyrs breathe the seaborne breeze
O'er all the happy isle:
Unnumber'd sweets the air perfume,
'Tis all around one golden bloom,
All one celestial smile.
By living streams fair trees ascend,
Whose roots the humid waters lave;
The boughs with radiant fruitage bend,
Rich produce of the fruitful wave.
Thus sporting in celestial bowers,
The sons of the immortal morn,
Their heads and rosy hands adorn
With garlands of unfading flowers.
There Rhadamanth, who great assessor reigns
To Rhæa's Son, by still unchanging right,
Awarding all: to vice, eternal chains;
To virtue opes the gates of light.
Rhæa! who high in heaven's sublime abodes
Sits throned, the mother of the gods.
Cadmus to this immortal choir
Was led; and Peleus' noble sire!
And glorious son! since Thetis' love
Subdued, with prayer, the yielding mind of Jove.
Who Troy late prostrate on the plain,
His country's pillar, Hector, slain;

By whom unhappy Cygnus bled ;
By whom the Ethiopian boy,
That sprung from Neptune's godlike bed,
The aged Tithon's and Aurora's highest joy.
What grand ideas crowd my brain !
What images ! a lofty train
In beauteous order spring :
As the keen store of feather'd fates
Within the braided quiver waits,
Impatient for the wing :
See, see they mount ! The sacred few,
Endued with piercing flight,
Alone through darling fields pursue
The' aerial regions bright.
This Nature gives, her chiefest boast ;
But when the bright ideas fly,
Far soaring from the vulgar eye,
To vulgar eyes are lost.
Where Nature sows her genial seeds,
A liberal harvest straight succeeds,
Fair in the human soil ;
While Art, with hard laborious pains,
Creeps on unseen, nor much attains
By slow progressive toil.
Resembling this, the feeble Crow,
Amid the vulgar-winged crowd,
Hides in the darkening copse below,
Vain, 'strutting, garrulous, and loud :
While Genius mounts the' ethereal height,
As the imperial bird of Jove
On sounding pinions soars above,
And dares the majesty of light.

Then fit an arrow to the tuneful string;

O thou my Genius! warm with sacred flame;

Fly swift, ethereal shaft! and wing

The godlike Theron unto fame.

I solemn swear, and holy truth attest,

That sole inspires the tuneful breast,

That, never since the' immortal Sun

His radiant journey first begun,

To none the gods did e'er impart

A more exalted mind, or wide-diffusive heart.

Fly, Envy, hence, that durst invade

Such glories with injurious shade;

Still, with superior lustre bright,

His virtues shine, in number more

Than are the radiant fires of night,

Or sands that spread along the seasurrounding
shore.

THE PARTING OF
HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE SIXTH ILIAD OF HOMER, TRANSLATED
LITERALLY.

Beginning ver. 407. *Δαίμονι, φθίδι σε το σόν μαιος,—*

‘ O DARING thou! to thy own strength a prey,
Nor pity moves thee for thy infant son,
Nor miserable me, a widow soon!
For, rushing on thy single might, at once
The Greeks will overwhelm thee: better far
I had been wrapp’d in earth, than live of thee
Forlorn, and desolate; if thou must die,
What further comfort then for me remains,
What solace, but in tears? No father mine,
Nor mine no venerable mother’s care.
Noble Achilles’ hand my father slew,
And spread destruction through Cilicia’s town,
Where many people dwelt, high-gated Thebes.
He slew Aëtion, but despoil’d him not,
For inly in his mind he fear’d the gods;
But burn’d his body with his polish’d arms,
And o’er him rear’d a mound: the mountain
 nymphs,
The daughters fair of ægis-bearing Jove,
Planted with elms around the sacred place.
Seven brothers flourish’d in my father’s house;
All in one day descended to the shades,
All slain by great Achilles, swift of foot,
Midst their white sheep, and heifers flexile hoof’d.

My mother, woody Hypoplacia's queen,
Brought hither, number'd in the victor's spoils;
Till loosed from bands, for gifts of mighty price,
By chase-delighting Dian's dart she fell,
Smote in my father's house: but, Hector, thou,
Thou art my sire, my hoary mother thou,
My brother thou, thou husband of my youth!
Ah, pity, Hector, then! and in this tower
With us remain, nor render by thy fall
Him a sad orphan, me a widow'd wife.
Here at this fig tree station, where the town
Is easiest of ascent, and low the walls,
Here thrice the bravest of the foes have tried
To pass; each Ajax, brave Idomeneus,
The' Atridæ too, and Tydeus' warlike son;
Whether some seer, in divination skill'd,
Prompted the' attempt, or their own valour dared
To execute a deed their wisdom plann'd.'

To whom plume-nodding Hector thus replied—
' These, woman, are my care; but much I fear
The Trojan youth, and long-gown'd Trojan dames,
If, cowardlike, I shun afar the fight:
Not so my courage bids; for I have learn'd
Still to be brave, and foremost to defend
My father's mighty glories, and my own.
For well I know, and in my mind foresee,
A day will come, when sacred Ilium sinks,
Old Priam perishes, the people too
Of Priam aspen-spear'd. Yet not so much
The woes the Trojans yet in aftertimes
Must undergo, not Hecuba herself,
Nor princely Priam, nor my brothers dear,
Who, numerous and brave, have fallen in dust
Below the boasting foe, distract my soul,

As thou ! Then when some brazen-coated Greek,
In the sad day of thy distress, shall drag
Thee weeping ; or in Argos, breathing sad,
To some imperious mistress handmaid, thou
Shalt weave the web, or fetch the water's weight
From Messeis or Hyperia's springs, against
Thy will, but hard necessity compels.
Then shall he say, who sees thee sunk in tears,
" Lo ! Hector's wife, who far the chief of all
The Trojan steed-subduing race excell'd
Who fought at Ilion." Thus shall they say.
But thee new pangs shall seize ; on thee shall come
Desire of such a husband, to repel
The evil hour : but may I low beneath
The monumental earth be laid to rest,
Nor thy soft sorrows, nor the melting voice
Of thy captivity, e'er reach my ear.'

So saying, the illustrious Hector stretch'd
His hands to reach his child ; the child averse,
In the soft bosom of the fair-zoned nurse
Weeping, fell back, abhorrent, from his sire
Of warlike aspect : for he fear'd the shine
Of armour, and the horse-hair horrid crest
That nodded dreadful on the helmet's top.
The loving father smiled, the mother smiled ;
Straight from his head the illustrious Hector took
His helm, and placed it blazing on the ground ;
Then fondled in his arms his much loved son
He took ; thus praying Jove, and all the gods—
' Jove, and ye other gods, grant this my son,
Grant he may too become, as I am now,
The grace of Troy, the same in martial strength,
And rule his Ilion with a monarch's sway ;
That men may say, when he returns from fight,

“This youth transcends his sire:” Then may he
The bloody spoils aloft of hostile chiefs [bear
In battle slain, and joy his mother’s heart!’

He said: and to his much loved spouse resign’d
His child; she, on her fragrant bosom lull’d,
Smiling through tears, received him: at the sight,
Compassion touch’d her husband’s heart; her
cheek

With gentle blandishment he stroked, and spoke—
‘O best beloved! oh, sadden not thy heart
With grief beyond due bounds: I trust, no hand
Shall send me down to shades obscure before
My day of doom decreed; for well I ween
No man of mortal men escapes from death,
Fearful or bold: whio’er is born must die.
But thou, returning to thy home, attend
The spindle and the loom, thy peaceful cares;
And call thy duteous maidens round to share
Their tasks by thee assign’d; for war belongs
To men, and chief to me of Ilion’s sons.’

This said, illustrious Hector seized his helm,
And to her home return’d his much loved spouse,
Oft looking back, and shedding tears profuse.
Then sudden at the lofty dome arrived,
With chambers fair adorn’d, where Hector dwelt,
The godlike Hector! There again she wept;
In his own house the living Hector wept;
For now foreboding in their fears, no more
They hoped to meet him with returning step
From battle, scaped the rage and force of Greece.

THE FIRST SCENE
OF THE
PHILOCTETES OF SOPHOCLES.

[*ULYSSES speaks.*]

SON of Achilles! brave Neoptolemus,
You tread the coast of seasurrounded Lemnos,
Where never mortal yet his dwelling rear'd.
Here, in obedience to the Grecian chiefs,
I erst exposed the son of noble Pæon,
Consuming with his wounds, and wasting slow
In painful agonies; wild from despair,
He fill'd the camp with lamentations loud,
And execrations dire. No pure libation,
No holy sacrifice could to the gods
Be offer'd up: ill omen'd sounds of woe
Profaned the sacred rites: But this no more——
Should he discover my return, 'twere vain
The plan my wakeful industry has wove,
Back to restore yet to the aid of Greece
This most important chief. 'Tis thine, brave youth,
To ripen into deed what I propose.
Cast round thy eyes, if thou by chance mayst find
The double rock, where from the winter's cold
He shrouds his limbs, or when the summer glows
Amid the cool, the zephyr's gentle breath
Lulls him to his repose; fast on the left
Flows a fresh fountain; if the hero sees
This living light, one of the' attendant train
Speed with the hour to glad my listening ears;

If in that savage haunt he harbours yet,
Or in some other corner of this isle :
Then farther I'll disclose, what chief imports
Our present needs, and claims our common care.

THE EPISODE OF

LAUSUS AND MEZENTIUS.

FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS, BEGIN-
NING LINE 689.

1719.

Now Jove inflames Mezentius great in arms,
His ardour rouses, and his courage warms ;
Fired by the God, to Turnus he succeeds ;
Beneath his arm the Trojan battle bleeds ;
The Tuscan troops invade their common foe,
Alike in hate their kindling bosoms glow
Fierce to destroy, on him alone they pour
Darts following darts, a thick continued shower :
But he, undaunted, all the storm sustains,
And scorns the' united fury of the plains :
As some huge rock high towering midst the waves,
Of seas and skies the mingling tumult braves,
On its eternal basis fix'd is found,
Though tempests rage, and oceans foam around.
First by his arm unhappy Hebrus bled,
The issue of famed Dolicaon's bed ;
Then Latagus submits to fate, his way
Adverse he took, the chief with furious sway
Uprear'd a ponderous rock, the shatter'd brain,
Confused with blood and gore, o'erspreads the
At flying Palmus next his dart he threw, [plain.
The speedy dart o'ertook him as he flew,

Full in the ham he feels the smarting wound,
Left by the victor groveling on the ground:
His arms surround his Lausus' manly breast,
The waving plume adorns his shining crest:
Evas and Mimas, both of Trojan seed,
By the same arm were mingled with the dead;
Mimas, companion of the youthful cares
Of Paris, and the equal of his years:
For, big with fancied flames, when Phrygia's queen
Brought forth the cause of woes, but ill foreseen;
To' extend his blooming race, that selfsame night
The spouse of Amycus, Theano bright,
That night so fatal to the peace of Troy,
Bless'd her loved husband with a parent's joy:
But Fate to different lands their deaths decreed,
This in his father's town was doom'd to bleed;
Unthinking Mimas, by Mezentius slain,
Now rolls his carcass o'er the Latian plain.
And as a tusky boar, whom dogs invade,
Of Vesulus bred in the piny shade,
Or near Laurentia's lake, with forest mast
His feasts obscene supplied in wild repast;
Roused from his savage haunt, a deep retreat,
A length of years his unmolested seat;
When once in toils enclosed, no flight appears,
Turns sudden, foaming fierce, his bristles rears;
All safe at distance stand, and none is found
Whose valour dares inflict a nearer wound;
Dreadless meanwhile, to every side he turns,
His teeth he gnashes, and with rage he burns;
The' united vengeance of the field derides,
A forest rattles as he shakes his sides—
So fare the Tuscan troops; with noisy rage,
And shouts, in the mix'd tumult they engage;

All from afar their missive weapons throw,
Fearful in equal arms to meet the foe.
Next, Grecian Acron rush'd into the plain,
Who came from Coritus's ancient reign :
Him thirst of fame to warlike dangers led,
The joys untasted of the bridal bed ;
From far Mezentius eyed him with delight,
In arms refulgent, as he mix'd in fight ;
Full o'er his breast, in gold and purple known,
The tokens of his love conspicuous shone.
Then, as a lion thirsting after blood
(For him persuades the keen desire of food),
If, or a frisking goat he chance to view,
Or branching stag, that leads the stately crew ;
Rejoices, gaping wide, he makes his way,
Furious, and clings incumbent on the prey,
That helpless pants beneath his horrid paws,
The blood o'erflowing, laves his greedy jaws ;
So keen Mezentius rushes on each foe ;
Unhappy Acron sinks beneath his blow,
Mad in the pangs of death, he spurns the ground,
The blood distains the broken spear around :
Then fled Orodes shameful from the fight ;
The victor scorn'd the' advantage of his flight ;
But, fired with rage, through cleaving ranks he ran,
And face to face opposed, and man to man :
Not guileful from behind his spear to throw
A wound unseen, but strikes an adverse blow.
Then with his foot his dying foe he press'd,
Lean'd on his lance, and thus his friends address'd—
‘ Lo ! where Orodes gasps upon the sand ;
His death was due to this victorious hand,

Large portion of the war!' Exulting cries
Ascend amain, and ring along the skies.
To whom the vanquish'd, with imperfect sound,
All weak, and faint, and dying of the wound—
' Nor long my ghost shall unrevenged repine,
Nor long the triumph of my fall be thine;
Thee, equal fates, insulting man, remain;
Thee Death yet waits, and this the fatal plain.'
Him, as he roll'd in death, Mezentius spied,
He smiled severe, and thus contemptuous cried—
' Die thou the first; as he thinks fit, for me,
The Sire of heaven and earth, let Jove decree.'
He said: and pull'd the weapon from the wound;
The purple life ebb'd out upon the ground:
Death's clay-cold hand shut up the sinking light,
And o'er his closing eyes drew the dark mist of
night.

By Cædicus' great arm Alcathous fell;
Sacrator sent Hydaspes down to hell:
Parthenius dies, by Rapo slain in fight;
And Orses vast, of more than mortal might,
Next sunk two warriors, Clonius the divine,
And Ericetes of Lycaon's line;
The issue of the God, their deaths renown'd,
Whose forked trident rules the deep profound.
His courser, unobedient to the rein,
Great Ericetes tumbled to the plain.
Prone as he lay, swift fled the thirsty dart,
And found the mortal passage to his heart,
Then lights the victor from his lofty steed,
And foot to foot engaged, made Clonius bleed.
Then Lycian Agis, boastful of his might,
Provoked the bravest foe to single fight;

Him boldly Tuscan Valerus assail'd,
And in the virtues of his sire prevail'd.
By Salius' arm, the swift Antronus bled;
Nealces' javelin struck the victor dead;
Nealces, skill'd the sounding dart to throw,
And wing the treacherous arrow to the foe.
Mars, raging god, and stern! the war confounds;
Equals the victor's shouts, and dying sounds.
Encountering various on the' embattled field,
Now fierce they rush, now fierce retreating, yield.
With equal rage each adverse battle glows,
Nor flight is known to these, nor known to those.
Tisiphone enjoys the direful sight,
Pale, furious, fell! and storms amidst the fight.
The gods, from Jove's immortal dome, survey
Each army toiling, through the dreadful day;
With tender pity touch'd, lament the pain
That human life is destined to sustain.
On either side, two deities are seen;
Jove's awful consort, and soft beauty's queen:
The wife of Jove the conqueror's palm implores,
Soft beauty's queen her Trojans' loss deplores.
Again, his javelin huge, Mezentius wields;
Again tumultuous he invades the fields:
Large as Orion, when the giant stalks,
A bulk immense! through Nereus' midmost walks;
Secure he cleaves his way; the billows braves,
His sinewy shoulders tower above the waves;
Bearing an ash, increased in strength with years,
That huge upon the mountain's height appears,
He strides along, each step the earth divides;
In clouds obscure his lofty head resides:
In stature huge, amidst the war's alarms,
Such shone the tyrant in gigantic arms,

Him, as exulting in the ranks he stood,
At distance seen, and rioting in blood,
Æneas hastes to meet; in all his might
He stands collected, and awaits the fight:
First measuring, as he stood in act to throw,
With nice survey, the distance of his foe:
'This arm, this spear (he cried), assert my might;
These are my gods, and these assist in fight:
His armour from the boastful robber won,
Shall tower a trophy to my conquering son.'
He said; and flings the dart with dreadful force;
The dart drove on unerring from the course;
It reach'd the shield, the shield the blow repell'd:
Nor fell the javelin guiltless on the field;
But, piercing 'twixt the side and bowels, tore
The famed Anthores, and deep drank the gore:
He, in his lusty years, from Argos sent,
With famed Alcides, on his labours went:
Tired with his toils, a length of woes o'erpass'd,
In the Evandrian realm he fix'd at last:
Call'd back again to war, where glory calls,
Unhappy, by a death unmeant, he falls:
To heaven his mournful eyes the dying throws;
In his last thoughts his native Argos rose.
Straight then, his beaming lance the Trojan threw;
Swift hissing on the wind the weapon flew:
The plates of threefold brass were forced to yield;
And three bulls' hides that bound the solid shield:
Deep in his lower groin, an arm so strong,
Drove the sharp point, but brought not death along.
Then joyful as the Trojan hero spied
The spouting blood pour down his wounded side,
Like lightning, from his thigh his sword he drew,
And furious on the' astonish'd warrior flew.

As Lausus saw, full sore he heaved the sigh;
The ready tear stood trembling in his eye:
His father's danger touch'd the youthful chief;
With pious haste he ran to his relief.
Nor shalt thou sink unnoted to the tomb,
Unsung thy noble deed, and early doom:
If future times to such a deed will give
Their faith, to future times thy name shall live.
Disabled, trembling for a death so near,
The father slow-receding, drags the spear:
Just in that moment, as suspended high
The flaming sword shone adverse to the sky,
The daring youth rush'd in, and fronts the foe,
And from his father turns the' impending blow.
His friends with joyful shouts reply around;
Through all their echoes all the hills resound;
As wondering they beheld the wounded sire,
Protected by the son, from fight retire.
A darkening flight of singing shafts annoy,
From every quarter pour'd, the Prince of Troy:
He stands against the fury of the field,
And rages, cover'd with his mighty shield.
And as when stormy winds encountering loud
Burst with rude violence the bellowing cloud,
Precipitate to earth the tempest pours
The vexing hailstones thick in sounding showers;
The deluged plains then every ploughman flies,
And every hind and traveller shelter'd lies;
Or, where the rock high overarch'd impends,
Or, where the river's shelving bank defends;
That, powerful o'er the storm, when bright the ray
Shines forth, they each may exercise the day.
Loud sounds the gather'd storm; o'er all the field
The cloud of war pours thundering on his shield.

Yet still he tried with friendly care to save
The' unhappy youth, unfortunately brave.
' Ah! whither dost thou urge thy fatal course,
In daring deeds! unequal to thy force?
Too pious in thy love, thy love betrays;
Nor such the vigour crowns thy youthful days.
Not thus advised, the youth still fronts the foe
Exulting, and provokes the lingering blow:
For now, his martial bosom all on fire,
The Trojan leader's tide of rage swell'd higher;
For now, the Sisters view'd the fatal strife,
And wound up the last threads of Lausus' life!
Deep plunged the shining falchion in his breast,
Pierced his thin armour, and embroider'd vest,
That, rich in ductile gold, his mother wove
With her own hands, the witness of her love.
His breast was fill'd with blood; then, sad and slow
Through air resolved, the spirit fled below:
As ghastly pale, the chief the dying' spied,
His hands he stretch'd to heaven, and pitying
sigh'd;
His sire Anchises rose, an image dear,
Sad in his soul, and forced the tender tear.
' What praise, O youth! unhappy in thy fate,
What can Æneas yield to worth so great?
Worth, that distinguish'd in thy deed appears,
Ripe in thy youth, and early in thy years:
Thy arms, once pleasing objects of thy care,
Inviolatè from hostile spoil I spare;
Thy breathless body on thy friends bestow,
To mitigate thy pensive spirit's woe,
If aught below the separate soul can move,
Solicitous of what is done above

(Yet in the grave, perhaps, from every care
Released, nor knowledge, nor device is there);
That, gather'd to thy sires, thy friends may mourn
Thy hapless fall, and dust to dust return :
This be thy solace in the world below,
'Twas I, the great Æneas, struck the blow.'
He said; and beckoning, chides his friends' delay;
And pious to assist, directs the way,
To rear him from the ground, with friendly care;
Dishonour'd foul with blood his comely hair.

The wretched father now, by Tyber shore
Wash'd from his streaming thigh the crimson
gore:

Pain'd with his wound, and weary from the fight,
A tree's broad trunk supports his drooping weight :
A bough his helmet beaming far sustains :
His heavier armour rest along the plains.
Panting, and sick, his body downward bends,
And to his breast his length of beard descends :
He leans his careful head upon his hand ;
Around him wait a melancholy band :
Much of his Lausus asks, and many sent
To warn him back, a father's kind intent :
How vainly sent ! for, breathless, from the field
They bear the youth, extended on his shield ;
Loud wailing, mourn'd him slain in early bloom,
Mighty, and by a mighty wound o'ercome.

Far off the sounds of woe the father hears ;
He trembles in the foresight of his fears :
With dust the hoary honours of his head
Sad he deforms, and cleaves into the dead.
Then both his hands to heaven aloft he spread ;
And thus, in fulness of his sorrows, said—

‘ Could then this lust of life so warp my mind,
That I could think of leaving thee behind
Whom I begot, unhappy in my stead
To meet the warrior, and for me to bleed ?
Now fate severe has struck too deep a blow,
Now first I feel a wretched exile’s woe.
And is it thus I draw this wretched breath,
Saved by thy wound, and living by thy death ?
I too, my son, with horrid guilt profaned
Thy sacred virtues, and their lustre stain’d :
Outcast, abandon’d by the care of Heaven,
From empire and paternal sceptres driven ;
My people’s hatred, and insulting scorn,
The merit of my crimes I’ve justly borne :
To thousand deaths this wicked soul could give,
Since now ’tis crime enough that I can live,
Can yet sustain the light, and human race,
Wretch’d as I am :—but short shall be the space.’
He said ; and as he said, he rear’d from ground
His fainting limbs, yet staggering from the wound :
But whole and undiminish’d still remains
His strength of soul, unbroke with toil and pains.
He calls his steed, successful from each fight,
With whom he march’d, his glory and delight ;
With words like these his conscious steed address’d,
That mourn’d, as with his master’s ills oppress’d—
‘ Rhoebus, we long have lived in arms combined
(If long the frail possessions of mankind) ;
This day thou shalt bring back, to crown our toils,
The Trojan hero’s head, and glittering spoils
Torn from the bloody man ! with me shalt take
A dear revenge, for murder’d Lausus’ sake :

If strength shall fail to ope the destined way,
Together fall, and press the Latian clay;
For, after me, I trust thou wilt disdain
A Trojan leader, and an alien rein.'
He said: the steed receives his wonted weight,
The tyrant arm'd, and furious for the fight:
His blazing helmet, formidably graced [crest:
With nodding horse-hair, brightening o'er the
With deathful javelins next he fills his hands;
And spurs his steed, and seeks the fighting bands:
Grief mix'd with madness, shame of former flight,
And love by rage inflamed to desperate height,
And conscious knowledge of his valour, wrought
Fierce in his breast, and boil'd in every thought.
He calls Æneas thrice: Æneas heard
The welcome sound; and thus his prayer preferr'd—

'May Jove, supreme of gods, who rules on high!
And he, to whom 'tis given to gild the sky,
Far-shooting king! inspire thee to draw near
Swift to thy fate, and grant thee to my spear.'
But he—' My Lausus ravish'd from my sight,
Me, with vain words, O! cruel, wouldst affright;
With age, with watchings, and with labours worn,
Death is below my fear, and God I scorn!
I come resolved to die; but, ere I go,
Receive this dart, the present of a foe,'
He said: the javelin hiss'd along the skies;
Another after, and another flies;
Thick, and incessant, as he rides the field;
Still all the storm sustains the golden shield
Firm, as Æneas stood: thrice rode he round,
Urging his darts, the compass of the ground:

Thrice wheel'd Æneas; thrice his buckler bears
About, a brazen wood of rising spears:
Press'd in unrighteous fight, with just disdain
To wrench so many darts, and wrench in vain,
Much pondering in his mind the chief revolved
Each rising thought; at last he springs resolved;
Full at the warrior steed, the hostile wood
He threw, that pierced his brain and drank the
blood.

Stung with the pain, the steed uprear'd on high
His sounding hoofs, and lash'd the yielding sky;
Prone fell the warrior from his lofty height,
His shoulders broad received the courser's weight.
From host to host the mingling shouts rebound,
Deep echoing all in fire the heavens resound;
Unsheath'd his flaming blade, Æneas flies,
And thus address'd the warrior as he lies—
' Say, where is now Mezentius great and bold, ,
That haughty spirit, fierce and uncontrol'd?
To whom the Tuscan, with recover'd breath,
As faint he view'd the skies, recall'd from death;
' Dost thou the stroke, insulting man! delay?
Haste! let thy vengeance take its destined way:
Death never can disgrace the warrior's fame
Who dies in fight; nor conquest was my aim:
Slain, savage! by thy hand in glorious strife,
Not so my Lausus bargain'd for my life:
Deprived of him, sole object of my love,
I seek to die;—for joy is none above.
Yet, piteous of my fate, 'this grace allow,
If pity to the vanquish'd foe be due,
Suffer my friends my gather'd bones to burn,
And decent lay me in the funeral urn:

Full well I know my people's hate, decreed
Against the living, will pursue the dead ;
My breathless body from their fury save,
And grant my son the partner of my grave.'
He said, and steadfast eyed the victor foe ;
Then gave his breast undaunted to the blow.
The rushing blood distain'd his arms around ;
The soul indignant sought the shades profound.

THE CORYCIAN SWAIN.

FROM GEORG. IV.—LINE 116.

BUT, were I not, before the favouring gale,
Making to port, and crowding all my sail,
Perhaps I might the garden's glories sing,
The double roses of the Pæstan spring ;
How endive drinks the rill, and how are seen
Moist banks with celery for ever green ;
How, twisted in the matted herbage, lies
The bellying cucumber's enormous size ;
What flowers narcissus late, how Nature weaves
The yielding texture of acanthus' leaves :
Of ivy pale the culture next explore,
And whence the lover-myrtle courts the shore.
For I remember (where Galesus yields
His humid moisture to the yellow fields,
And high Oebalia's towers o'erlook the plain),
I knew in youth an old Corycian swain ;
A few and barren acres were his share,
Left and abandon'd to the good man's care ;

Nor these indulged the grassy lawn, to feed
The fattening bullock, nor the bounding steed,
Nor gave to cattle browse, nor food to kine,
Bacchus averse refused the mantling vine.
What happy nature to his lands denied,
An honest, painful industry supplied ;
For, trusting pot-herbs to his bushy ground,
For bees, fair candid lilies flourish'd round,
Vervain for health, for bread he poppies plants ;
With these he satisfied all nature's wants ;
And, late returning home from wholesome toil,
Enjoy'd the frugal bounty of the soil.
His mind was royal in a low estate,
And dignified the meanness of his fate.
He first in Spring was seen to crop the rose,
In Autumn first to' unload the bending boughs ;
For every bud the early year bestow'd,
A reddening apple on the branches glow'd.
E'en in the midst of Winter's rigid reign,
When snow and frost had whiten'd o'er the plain,
When cold had split the rocks, and stripp'd the
woods,
And shackled up the mighty running floods.
He then, anticipating Summer's hopes,
The tendrils of the soft acanthus crops ;
His industry awaked the lazy spring,
And hasten'd on the zephyr's loitering wing.
For this with pregnant bees he chief was known
To' abound: the balmy harvest all his own.
Successive swarms reward his faithful toil ;
None press'd from richer combs the liquid spoil.
He crown'd his rural orchard's plain design,
With flowering lime trees, and a wealth of pine.

He knew in graceful order to dispose
Large-bodied elms, transplanted into rows.
Hard pear trees flourish'd near his rustic dome,
And thorns already purple with the plumb;
Broad planes arose to form an ample bower,
Where mirth's gay sons refresh'd the sultry hour.
But I this grateful subject must discard,
The pleasing labour of some future bard.

THE

TWENTIETH ODE OF ANACREON.

FAIR Niobe, old times survey'd,
In Phrygian hills, a marble maid,
Changed Pandion! to the swallow's hue,
On swallow's wings thy daughter flew.

But I a lookingglass would be,
That thou mightst see thyself in me.
No; I would be a morning gown,
That so my dear might me put on.
But I a silver stream would flow,
To wash thy skin, as pure as snow.
I would myself in ointment pour,
To bathe thee with the fragrant shower.
But I would be thy tucker made,
Thy lovely swelling bosom's shade.
I would, a diamond necklace, deck
The comely rising of thy neck.
I would thy slender feet enclose,
To tread on me transform'd to shoes.

THE

TWENTY-FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

FILL with Bacchus' blessings fraught,
Ye virgins, fill a mighty draught:
Long since dried up by heat, I faint,
I scarcely breathe, and feverish pant.

O! with these fresher flowers, renew
The fading garland, on my brow;
For oh! my forehead's raging heat
Has rifled all their graces sweet;
The rage of thirst I yet can quell,
The rage of heat I can repel:
But, love! thy heat which burns my soul,
What draughts can quench? what shades can
cool?

THE

TWENTY-SECOND ODE OF ANACREON.

COME, sit beneath this shade with me,
My lovely maid, how fair the tree!
Its tender branches wide prevail,
Obedient to each breathing gale;
Summer's loom industrious weaves
In mazy veins the silken leaves,

Soft as the milky veins I view,
O'er thy fair breast meandering blue ;
Hard by a fount with murmuring noise
Runs a sweet persuasive voice ;—
What lover, say, my lovely maid,
So foolish as to pass this shade ?

EPITAPHS.

ON LORD NEWHALL.

To fame let Flattery the proud column raise,
And guilty greatness load with venal praise,
This monument, for nobler use design'd,
Speaks to the heart, and rises for mankind;
Whose moral strain, if rightly understood,
Invites thee to be humble, wise, and good.
Learn here, of life, life's every sacred end;
Hence form the father, husband, judge, and
friend:

Here wealth and greatness found no partial grace,
The poor look'd fearless in the' oppressor's face;
One plain good meaning through his conduct ran,
And if he err'd, alas! he err'd as man.
If then, unconscious of so fair a fame,
Thou read'st without the wish to be the same,
Though proud of titles, or of boundless store,
By blood ignoble, and by wealth made poor,
Yet read; some vice perhaps thou mayst resign,
Be e'en that momentary virtue thine;
Heaven in thy breast here work its first essay,
Think on this man, and pass unblamed one day.

ON LORD BINNING.

BENEATH this sacred marble ever sleeps,
For whom a father, mother, consort weeps;
Whom brothers', sisters', pious griefs pursue,
And children's tears with virtuous drops bedew:
The Loves and Graces grieving round appear,
E'en Mirth herself becomes a mourner here;
The stranger who directs his steps this way
Shall witness to thy worth; and wondering say,—
'Thy life, though short, can we unhappy call?
Sure thine was bless'd, for it was social all:
O may no hostile hand this place invade,
For ever sacred to thy gentle shade!
Who knew in all life's offices to please,
Join'd taste to virtue, and to virtue ease;
With riches bless'd, did not the poor disdain,
Was knowing, humble, friendly, great, humane;
By good men honour'd, by the bad approved,
And loved the Muses, by the Muses loved;
Hail! and farewell, who bore the gentlest mind,
For thou indeed hast been of humankind.'

ON LORD BARGENY.

Go hence instructed from this early urn,
Wise as you weep, and better as you mourn;
This urn, where titles, fortune, youth, repose;
How vain the fleeting good that life bestows!

Learn age, when now it can no more supply,
To quit the burden, and consent to die;
Secure, the truly virtuous never tell
How long the part was acted, but how well:
Youth, stand convicted of each foolish claim,
Each daring wish of lengthen'd life and fame;
Thy life a moment, and thy fame a breath,
The natural end, oblivion and death;
Hear then this solemn truth, obey its call,
Submit adore, for this is mankind's all.

ON SIR JAMES SUTTIE.

THIS unambitious stone preserves a name
To friendship sanctified, untouch'd by fame;
A son this raised, by holy duty fired,
These sung a friend, by friendly zeal inspired.
No venal falsehood stain'd the filial tear;
Unbought, unask'd, the friendly praise sincere;
Both for a good man weep, without offence,
Who led his days in ease and innocence.
His tear rose honest; honest rose his smile;
His heart no falsehood knew, his tongue no guile;
A simple mind with plain just notions fraught,
Nor warp'd by wit, nor by proud science taught;
Nature's plain light still, rightly understood,
That never hesitates the fair and good—
Who view'd self-balanced, from his calm retreat,
The storms that vex the busy and the great,
Unmingling in the scene, whate'er befell,
Pitied his suffering kind, and wish'd them well;

Careless if monarchs frown'd, or statesmen smiled,
His purer joy, his friend, his wife, or child;
Constant to act the hospitable part,
Love in his look, and welcome in his heart;
Such unprized blessings did his life employ,
The social moment, the domestic joy,
A joy beneficent, warm, cordial, kind,
That leaves no doubt, no grudge, no sting behind:
The heart-born rapture that from virtue springs,
The poor man's portion God withheld from kings.
This life at decent time was bid to cease,
Finish'd among his weeping friends in peace:
Go, traveller, wish his shade eternal rest;
Go, be the same, for this is to be bless'd.

ON MR. BAILLIE,

OF JERVISWOOD.

THE pious parent raised this hallow'd place
A monument for them, and for their race:
Descendants! be it your successive cares,
That no degenerate dust e'er mix with theirs.

ON MR. BASIL HAMILTON.

THIS verse, O gentle Hamilton! be thine,
Each softer grace, below thy darling shrine.
Nature to thee did her best gifts impart,
The mildest manners, and the warmest heart;
Honour erected in thy breast its throne,
And kind humanity was all thy own.

ON MRS. COLQUHOUN,

OF LUSS.

UNBLAMED, O sacred shrine! let me draw near;
A sister's ashes claim a brother's tear,
No semblant arts this copious spring supply,
'Tis Nature's drops, that swell in Friendship's eye:
O'er this sad tomb, see kneeling brothers bend,
Who wail a sister that excell'd a friend;
A child like this each parent's wish engage,
Grace of his youth, and solace of his age:
Hence the chaste virgin learns each pious art
Who sighs sincere to bless a virtuous heart,
The faithful youth, when Heaven the choice in-
spires,
Such hope the partner of his kind desires.
Oh, early lost! yet early all fulfill'd
Each tender office of wife, sister, child;
All these in early youth, thou hadst obtain'd;
The fair maternal pattern yet remain'd,

Heaven sought not that—else Heaven had bid to spare;

To thine succeeds now Providence's care—
Amidst the pomp that to the dead we give
To sooth the vanity of those that live;
Receive thy destined place, a hallow'd grave,
'Tis all we can bestow, or thou canst crave,
Be these the honours that embalm thy name,
The matron's praise, woman's best silent fame!
Such, to remembrance dear, thy worth be found,
When queens and flatterers sleep forgot around,
Till awful sounds shall break the solemn rest;
Then wake amongst the bless'd, for ever bless'd.
Meanwhile upon this stone, thy name shall live,
Sure Heaven will let this pious verse survive,

ON MRS. KEITH.

WHATE'ER all-giving Nature could impart,
Whate'er or charm'd the eye, or warm'd the heart;
Beauty, by candid Virtue still approved,
Virtue, by Beauty render'd most beloved;
Whate'er kind Friendship, or endearing Truth,
For bless'd old age had treasured up in youth;
What bless'd old age, in its last calm adieu,
Might with applause and conscious joy review,
Reposes here, to wake in endless bliss,
Too early ravish'd from a world like this!
Where fair examples strike, but not inspire
To imitate the virtues all admire;
Yet listen, virgins! to this saving strain,
If she has lived—let her not die in vain!

ON MRS. HEPBURN.

STAY, passenger; this stone demands thy tear;
Here rest the hopes of many a tender year:
Our sorrow now——so late our joy and praise!
Lost in the mild Aurora of her days.
What Virtues might have graced her fuller day!
'But ah! the charm just shown and snatch'd away.'
Friendship, Love, Nature, all reclaim in vain;
Heaven, when it wills, resumes its gifts again.

ON MR. CUNNINGHAM,

OF CRAIGENDS.

A SON, a wife, bade the plain marble rise;
Beneath the sacred shade a good man lies.
In Britain's senate long unblamed he sate
And anxious trembled for her doubtful fate;
Above all giddy hopes, all selfish ends,
His country was his family and friends.
Children! weep not, thus cruelly bereft;
The fair example of his life is left;
Another far more lasting, safe estate
Than e'er descended from the rich and great;
Theirs fall to time or fortune soon a prey;
Or, the poor gift of kings, kings snatch away;
Your bless'd succession never can be less,
Still as you imitate, you still possess,

ON MISS SETON,

INTERRED IN THE CHAPEL OF SETON-HOUSE.

IN these once hallow'd walls' neglected shade,
Sacred to piety and to the dead,
Where the long line of Seton's race repose,
Whose tombs to wisdom, or to valour rose;
Though now a thankless age, to slavery prone,
Past fame despising, careless of its own,
Records no more; each public virtue fled,
Who wisely counsel'd, or who bravely bled;
Though here the warrior-shield is hung no more,
But every violated trophy tore, [lot,
Heaven's praise, man's honour, share one shameful
God and his image both alike forgot.
To this sweet maid a kindred place is due,
Her earth shall consecrate these walls anew,
The Muse that listens to desert alone,
Snatches from fate, and seals thee for her own.



COULD this fair marble to the world impart
Half of the woes that rend a husband's heart,
Could it be taught to look with Nature's eye,
Like friendship could it breathe the tender sigh,
With each dear rapture bid the bosom glow
Love e'er could taste, or tenderness bestow;
Then might it tower unblamed amid the skies,
And not to vanity, but virtue, rise:

Its noblest pomp the humble eye endure,
 And pride, when most it swell'd, here find a cure.
 Cease then—nor at the Sovereign Will repine;
 It gives, we bless; it snatches, we resign:
 To earth what came from earth returns again,
 Heaven framed the' immortal part above to reign.

DOES great and splendid villany allure?
 Go search in W——'s trial for a cure.
 Bless'd with enough, wouldst thou increase it still?
 Examine Ch——'s life, and R——d's will.
 Wouldst thou be happy? then these rules receive,
 Read this verse gratis, and thy soul shall live.
 Learn from this man, who now lies five feet deep,
 To drink when doubting; and when tempted, sleep:
 This led him safe through life's tempestuous steer-
 age,

Poor by no place, ignoble by no peerage;
 An easy mind, by no entails devised;
 An humble virtue, by no kings excised:
 Stated no law case, and no critic quoted;
 Spoke what he thought; and never swore, nor voted.
 Courts he abhorr'd, their errors, their abuses,
 St. James, Versailles; all, all, but Sancta Crucis':
 There where no statesman buys, no bishop sells;
 A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells.
 With kind Bargeny, faithful to his word,
 Whom Heaven made good and social though a
 Lord;

The cities view'd of many-languaged men, [vain.
 Popes, pimps, kings, gamesters; and saw all was

¹ Holyrood House.

Enjoy'd what Hopetoun's groves could never
The philosophic rapture of the field ! [yield,
Nor ask'd, nor fear'd. His life, and humble lays,
No critics envy, and no flatterers praise.
Sure those who know how hard to write, and live,
Would judge with candour, pity and forgive.
Known but to few, as if he ne'er had been,
He stole through life unheeded, and unseen :
He often err'd, but broke no social duty ;
Unbribed by statesmen, and unhurt by beauty.



THE END.

